Seasons of Fear

[Part One]

(Fireworks and music.)
DOCTOR: It was at the Singapore Hilton, on the cusp of years 1930 and 1931, that I first met Mister Sebastian Grayle. I was sitting in the Tea Gardens at midnight on that New Year's Eve, looking down at the junks in the harbour lit up with lanterns and setting off fireworks. I was wondering if I'd done the right thing. I was there for Charley. Her journey on the R101, where I'd met her, had been with the intention of keeping an appointment in Singapore with a chap called Alex.

CHARLEY: He's such a chum. But won't he expect me to be dead?
DOCTOR: Last night I stopped the Tardis in that year and sent messages ahead.
CHARLEY: Goodness!
DOCTOR: Had nothing to do with it. The old girl's still having some of her funny turns. It took six tries to get here.
CHARLEY: He dances divinely, and he always has something stunning in his buttonhole.
DOCTOR: Sounds like a man after my own heart. I'll not meet him, though.
CHARLEY: What? Why?
DOCTOR: Because I'm not a gooseberry.
CHARLEY: Well, obviously.
DOCTOR: And there's a spot in the Tea Gardens at the Singapore Hilton where the humidity isn't so oppressive, and you can hear everything across the harbour. Perfect place to witness the New Year celebrations.
(Tardis engines, console beep.)
DOCTOR: And now it's just out there. Come on, off we go. No, no, wait.
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: This hat, is it me?
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor. It really suits you.

DOCTOR: I left the Tardis in a side street near the hotel. Charley found Alex by one of the bars, as per my message. I stayed back for a moment, watching them. Their happiness was obvious and reminded me of why I'd saved Charley in the first place, however many laws of Time I'd broken. Just one promising life had been saved, and that was enough. The chap took Charley's arm and showed her his button hole. They ordered their gin slings and headed for the terrace where, as Charley had promised this man before her adventures began, the sun was just going down. I had a quiet word with the concierge, found my favourite spot in the garden and called for some tea and newspapers. I was looking for stories concerning the R101 crash. There was still quite a bit of coverage. I devoured it as night fell and the celebrations in the harbour began. My interest was somewhat a matter of maudlin reflection. I may have saved one, but how many had I failed to save? I was deep in my own thoughts when a shadow fell over me. Thinking it was Charley, I didn't even glance up.

DOCTOR: You're back a bit early, aren't you, Charley? How's Alex?
GRAYLE: Not very perceptive of you, Doctor. I am not your charming companion.
DOCTOR: Ah, I should have known. She doesn't have a moustache. Have we met?
GRAYLE: That's a complex question. My name is Sebastian Grayle. May I join you?
DOCTOR: Be my guest. Could we have two more pots of tea, please?
WAITER: Certainly, sir.
DOCTOR: Thanks.
GRAYLE: It's a pleasure to see you here.
DOCTOR: And you, not that I know who you are. How do you feel about this hat?
GRAYLE: Such folly. Such arrogance.
DOCTOR: Such a pleasure not to meet a yes man. Here, it looks so much better on you.
GRAYLE: (laughs) For once your mockery does not infuriate me, Doctor. This time I am the one in control.
DOCTOR: Yes, I'm sure you are, but I'm still pretty certain we haven't met.
GRAYLE: Oh but we have, Time Lord.

DOCTOR: Are you confusing me with someone else? I'm not the one who says 'you must obey me', I don't meddle and I'm not a glamorous woman at the moment.
GRAYLE: We are old acquaintances in my past, but in your future.
DOCTOR: You've broken the First Law of Time.
GRAYLE: Not at all. I am immortal, thanks to my masters. I have waited through the generations for this meeting, so I can finally look you in the eye. Finally allow myself to feel the satisfaction of your death.
DOCTOR: My death? What have you done?
GRAYLE: Only now do you begin to feel the bite of it. I have killed you, Doctor. Not only that, but I have delivered this world to my masters. Look around you. Look at those poor fools in the harbour, celebrating the turn of the year they don't even acknowledge. They are illusions, Doctor. This time line no longer truly exists, and neither do they. My masters resurrected this place using their power over Time simply so I could indulge a whim to see my foe face to face at last. The reality is much changed. My masters are the masters of Earth. In the real universe, this planet is their feeding ground.
DOCTOR: But everything looks, everything feels
GRAYLE: That is how complete their mastery over Time has become. Your own people, Doctor, in this time line are no longer the lords of existence. That honour has fallen to my employers.
DOCTOR: Who are?
GRAYLE: I think I will let that remain as a surprise.
DOCTOR: I'll prevent this.
GRAYLE: But it's already happened. You can't rely on the history you know, Doctor. Not any more. My task is done. And now I shall take my leave of you. Revenge is sweet, but I have drunk deeply enough. We shall not meet again.
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Wait! Wait! Stop! Oh, Charley.
CHARLEY: Doctor, you have to meet Alex. He's in the other room.
DOCTOR: Did you just pass a man going out as you were coming in?
CHARLEY: He's absolutely charming.
DOCTOR: Well, I don't think so.
CHARLEY: You don't know him.
DOCTOR: Well, no, but he said he'd killed me.
CHARLEY: Alex Grayle said he'd killed you?
DOCTOR: Not Alex. Grayle? Alex is also called Grayle?
CHARLEY: Also?
DOCTOR: As well as Sebastian.
CHARLEY: Who's Sebastian?
DOCTOR: Sebastian is the Grayle who says he's killed me.
CHARLEY: Have you been fighting with Alex's granddad? He told me they'd met up earlier today.
DOCTOR: Granddad? My Aunt Flavia, he's his granddad. He's an immortal.
CHARLEY: I'm very confused.
DOCTOR: So is Time. Charley, something awful has happened sometime in the past.
CHARLEY: Is this anything to do with, you know, rescuing me?
DOCTOR: I don't know. I doubt it. This is quite different. Apparently this is a ruse, a falsehood. In reality, the monsters have taken over.
CHARLEY: Then how can everything be like this?
DOCTOR: Later, Charley, later. We have to get back to the Tardis before they decide they don't need this pretend time line any more.
CHARLEY: Doctor, what? Oh, wait for me!
DOCTOR: Come on, Charley. We've got a world to save.

(Tardis in flight.)
DOCTOR: Which means the Web of Time has been unspun. These masters Grayle talks about have shattered it. The rules don't exist any more. Grayle can do anything he likes. I've got the Tardis out of the false time line, at least. We're being battered by time storms in all directions. The disruption to the original time line is vast.
CHARLEY: Doctor, this problem with time. Please be honest with me now. Is it my fault?
DOCTOR: Your fault?
CHARLEY: I was talking to Alex. Apparently the newspapers are saying nobody could have

survived the blast that brought down the R101. Remember what Edith Thompson said. I died. They found my diary and everything. Oh, Doctor, if you hadn't rescued me, I would be dead too, wouldn't I? I've read novels on this subject. The person who is rescued when actually their time has come. What you did, it disrupted time. It must have. Have I caused this to happen?
DOCTOR: It's (sighs) it's possible. But no, no, of course it isn't true. If I'm not allowed to rescue just one person? No, it's ridiculous. Charley, you're right. If I hadn't shown up, you would have died on the R101. But time has a way of sorting these things out. Grayle and his masters have done this, not us. Grayle must have followed his family line in this fictional world of his and arranged to meet Alex in Singapore just so he could get you and me there too.
CHARLEY: So what do we do, Doctor? The damage has already been done.
DOCTOR: Quite right. But thanks to Grayle, the rules are suspended. We can play him at his own game. We have licence to meddle. We can go back to when all this started, when Grayle's masters first contacted him. We can prevent this happening.
CHARLEY: We get to save the universe?
DOCTOR: Again. The question is where, and more importantly when did Grayle get his invitation to immortality.
CHARLEY: Er, that is a rhetorical question, isn't it?
DOCTOR: Actually, you probably *do* hold the key to answering it. Could I just? Well, I don't really how to put this.
CHARLEY: How unusual.
DOCTOR: What I want to know is. Well, you see. Here, just put this under your tongue.
(Muffled protests from Charley.)
DOCTOR: I assume that means what is it. It's a genetic sampler, and it's just taken a microscopic DNA swipe of your mouth.
(Beep, beep.)
DOCTOR: It feeds the information directly into the Tardis console, which saves me asking you whether or not you kissed your friend Alex.
CHARLEY: Oh.
DOCTOR: Ah.
CHARLEY: Oh?
DOCTOR: The Tardis can tease out the patterns of human DNA throughout the space time vortex. We're heading for the Grayle family home.
CHARLEY: Ah.
DOCTOR: Mmm.

(Tardis materialises, door opens.)
DOCTOR: Shush. Don't disturb the mice.
CHARLEY: This *is* Alex's family home. We're in the attic. We came up here once to fetch a cricket bat.
DOCTOR: Did you meet Sebastian then?
CHARLEY: No. He only became interested in Alex recently. Just before Alex left for Singapore, which tends to support your theory.
DOCTOR: As does this.
CHARLEY: Family photos? Documents?
DOCTOR: There's Sebastian. And this photo dates from the 1800s. Look over there. One very old vase. An amphora.
CHARLEY: Isn't that Roman?
DOCTOR: Absolutely. And unless there's an antiquarian in the family?
CHARLEY: Not that I'm aware of.
DOCTOR: Then Sebastian's Christmas present may prove costly, for him. So, what do we have?
CHARLEY: A name, an unholy Grayle.
DOCTOR: A Latin original.
CHARLEY: A conversation. I assume you did your usual act of playing the fool and making him talk?
DOCTOR: Do I do that?
CHARLEY: I er, always assumed you did.
DOCTOR: Oh. He's immortal because of his masters. Masters who feed on the energy of world. They have tremendous power if they can indulge their slaves so much as to create a whole new time line for them. Plus, he can't have killed me face to face. My death must have been

extremely unsatisfying.
CHARLEY: Yes, do look on the bright side.
DOCTOR: And we also have your carefully sampled DNA chain.
CHARLEY: (coughs) Yes.
DOCTOR: Let's do some research, shall we? Then we go on the offensive.

(Roman fanfare.)
MARCUS: Ave, Lucillius. Cold night, eh?
LUCILLIUS: Ave, Marcus. This rain. You wonder what's to fall out of the sky next. It's why the Picts breed so hard.
MARCUS: Do you mean that they're a hardy breed, or that they spend so much time doing it.
LUCILLIUS: Both. At least we won't see their fetid hides tonight. Pity the poor sentries up on the wall.
MARCUS: Ah, they're Dacians. They don't feel the cold either. Ah, I miss dear old Londinium.
LUCILLIUS: They say it's warm in Rome.
MARCUS: (laughs) You and I never have and never will see Rome. You'll still be conducting the meeting tonight?
LUCILLIUS: It keeps the men happy. You know, we're brothers in the blood of Mithras, and all that.
MARCUS: I know it means more to you than that.
LUCILLIUS: I suppose so. If I hadn't become a priest I'd probably have ended up dead in the arena. But on nights like this. Oh, thank mighty Mithras for the rain, for it blesses the wheat and gives us our grain. Better?
MARCUS: Sounds more like your old self.
LUCILLIUS: Indeed. I'm one of the few priests in this loose brotherhood who actually means what the incantation says. I wish I could have been there to kill the demon bull myself. My life seems to be missing that. It's greatest challenge, it's reason to be. We're never going to have that major battle against the Picts, are we? The wall is there. The empire's there, for the Britons.
MARCUS: I know. It seems sometimes that we've done all there is to do. That this is as far as we get. Oh, we should bring the Picts into the empire, go as far as there is to go.
LUCILLIUS: We're never going to. Anyhow, I am on my way to sacrifice our Earthly bull. If you have a moment, well, might cheer us both up.
MARCUS: Delighted to help.
(They walk away. The Tardis materialises. Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Nobody about. Come on, Charley.
CHARLEY: Wait a minute, I'm trying to keep my stola out of the mud.
DOCTOR: Now, just take a moment to consider how well we're doing. For once, we've arrived somewhere in exactly the right costumes, having thoroughly read up on our destination. It feels luxurious.
CHARLEY: Was it really worth three weeks at that awful abbey?
DOCTOR: The Abbot of Felsecar is the greatest authority on human genealogy in the Milky Way, and now we know that the first instance of the name Grayle appearing in the records, in a British context, was right here, on the payroll of this very Roman fort in 305 AD, the year of the two Emperors, Constantius and Galerius.
CHARLEY: So, we find Grayle and shoot him.
DOCTOR: We do not shoot him.
CHARLEY: Or catapult him. Or feed him to the lions.
DOCTOR: We find out if he's contacted his alien masters yet, and try to stop whatever he's doing.
CHARLEY: You do always go the pretty way. I'm joking.
DOCTOR: Are you?
CHARLEY: Or we could stone him, or throw him off the wall of the fort.
DOCTOR: Charley.

(Liquid pouring.)
LUCILLIUS: It's so much more than blood. It's a sacrament, a promise from Mithras that he won't allow the demon bull to ravage the world again as it did before. (laughs) Listen to me. I sound almost Christian, don't I?
MARCUS: No, I like the fact you're into it. For me, it's just a good excuse for an amphora of wine and a song afterwards.

LUCILLIUS: That's how most of the men think.
MARCUS: Don't you worry. You should talk to that Christian down in the village. The Greek. There's a fanatic for you. Do you know he won't admit the existence of other gods?
LUCILLIUS: They won't get very far like that.
MARCUS: I'm amazed they've got *this* far. A soldier can appreciate this Mithras chap. Persian. We all know what good lads they are. Fond of the sun, perished in battle. It's all very noble. This slave Christ was hung on a er, you know.
LUCILLIUS: That's the attraction of fundamentalism. You get to be a fanatic. Our society of comrades gets the common soldier. Not too religious, just looks out where the birds are flying and does a bit of Hail Pallas Athene at the weekend.
MARCUS: It's the bathing in blood all lads together. Great laugh. So who's the penitent tonight?
LUCILLIUS: It's er, Decurian Graylae.
MARCUS: Oh, no. I may be indisposed after all.
LUCILLIUS: He's just a little intense.
MARCUS: He's as mad as the moon! Have you heard some of the stuff he comes out with? It's hardly Mithraism at all.
LUCILLIUS: So let him do it his own way. What are we, Christians?
MARCUS: Listen, Lucillius. I'll bet that as we speak, Decurian Graylae's in his tent muttering to something under his breath. And I doubt that something is Mithras.

GRAYLAE: Oh my great lord, help me see you as you truly are. Show me the truth.
CHARLEY: Well, go on then. Knock.
DOCTOR: How exactly do you knock on a tent? Never mind. Hello? Anyone in?
GRAYLAE: Yes. Please, please enter.
DOCTOR: Hello.
GRAYLAE: Ave, strangers. I am Decurian Sebastius Graylae. How may I aid you?
CHARLEY: (sotto) Is that him?
DOCTOR: (sotto) He's a little younger, but yes. (normal) I am Ambrosius Clemensis. This is my friend
CHARLEY: Daisia Daisia.
GRAYLAE: Odd to see a lady in camp at this time of night. I advise you to leave as soon as possible. The fort is no place for a lady after dark.
CHARLEY: Thank you for the warning.
GRAYLAE: Lady, there is always danger in a military camp. Women are what make the best of men. They offer us absolution, forgive us and give us a reason to aspire to greatness. Such as you must be protected at all costs. Let me say again. Depart swiftly.
DOCTOR: I'm very pleased to meet you, Decurian Graylae. Have we met before?
GRAYLAE: Why, no. I don't think so.
DOCTOR: Fantastic.
GRAYLAE: What's this about? I have to go and officiate at the temple in a moment.
DOCTOR: Oh, no, no, no, no, no. My friend and I have vital information about the Picts. This is much more important than anything else.
GRAYLAE: What sort of information?
CHARLEY: The Picts are revolting, under a new war leader, King Caractacus.
GRAYLAE: How do you come by this intelligence?
DOCTOR: We were travelling in the hills when we saw the ladies and the pages of the court of King Caractacus
CHARLEY: Just passing by.
GRAYLAE: That does sound urgent. But it can wait until after I've been to the temple.
DOCTOR: Why, Decurian? What's so special about tonight at the temple? Is there going to be a tombola?
GRAYLAE: I, I, I have to go. Lady, follow my words and leave this place.
(Tent flap pushed aside..)
DOCTOR: I'm going to follow him. Charley, search the tent.
(Tent flap sound again.)
CHARLEY: Oh, of course it falls to me to sort through the used undergarments of an ancient Briton.

(Latin chanting in background.)
MARCUS: I seem to have misjudged Graylae. Far from being a fanatic, he's not here at all.

LUCILLIUS: We're going to need someone to manhandle the entrails. Where's the ritual sword? I can't do everything.
MARCUS: It's not on the altar already? Graylae must really have something on his mind. Ah, talk of the bollork.
GRAYLAE: Sorry, I was disturbed.
MARCUS: I'll say.
LUCILLIUS: Fine, fine. You're here now, brother. Go and get the entrails. Marcus, if you collect the sword, then we should be all set?
DOCTOR: Hello. Am I in time for the meeting?
LUCILLIUS: Of course. Come in, brother. New comrades are always welcome.
DOCTOR: I'm not a comrade. I'm shopping around, trying out all the different cults, seeing what suits me.
MARCUS: Absolutely. The only sane thing to do. I still like a bit of the Mysteries of Mercury every now and then.
LUCILLIUS: There's a place in the third rank. You're just in time for the bloodbath.
DOCTOR: Story of my life. Nice sword, by the way. I don't think I've ever seen anything like it. Could I have a look?
MARCUS: You're welcome to, brother. I've not seen another like it in all my years in the legion either. There's something of an aura about it. The story goes that it's Mithras' own sword, his weapon of rustless metal with which he killed the demon bull. It's certainly killed a few bulls here in its time.
DOCTOR: Fascinating. And who'll be using it tonight?
LUCILLIUS: That fellow over there, Decurian Graylae.
MARCUS: Fortunately.
DOCTOR: Should he be moving the statues around like that?
MARCUS: By Jupiter. Sorry, he's putting them in the wrong positions.
LUCILLIUS: Leave him be. I'll have a quiet word afterwards.

CHARLEY: Oh. If there isn't anything here, then I
(Electronic noise, then a deep, gravelly voice.)
VOICE [OC]: Graylae, is that you? Graylae, is it time yet?
CHARLEY: (deep voice) Er, no. No, it's not the time yet. Over and out. (beep) Doctor?

DOCTOR: So what happens now?
MARCUS: Lucillius announces the blood bathing and then Graylae carries it out.
DOCTOR: He looks a bit strange.
MARCUS: He's not supposed to still be wearing his armour. Got here in a rush, apparently.
DOCTOR: Where does he come from?
MARCUS: Oh, he's from Londinium, like us, of Briton stock. We're not high on the list of Roman tourist spots since we had that independence business. Graylae's a fellow Decurian. Changed his family name from something barbarian, but born within the sound of Boudicca's bells. He's not some Greek mystic, he's just got some wild ideas. He tried to talk to me about them at the start of our tour of duty, back when he thought I'd listen.
DOCTOR: Like what?
MARCUS: Well, he kept me if we were certain who we should worship. Mithras killed the demon bull, you see, to save us all, but he kept saying that the bull was the powerful one. A kind of cleansing force that would wipe out our enemies and return the empire to the glory it held during the realm of Emperor Hadrian, instead of the mess we're in at the moment.
DOCTOR: Isn't that blasphemy?
MARCUS: What, like the Jews and Christians have? No, my friend. You believe what you want. Shush, shush, shush, shush. Lucillius is ready to speak.
LUCILLIUS: Dearly beloved, Mithras is with us.
ALL: And we are with him.
LUCILLIUS: Before we proceed to the bloodletting, I have a few announcements. Centurion Severinus Paulus is getting married on Saturn's day, so let us wish him well in our prayers this evening.
CHARLEY: Doctor?
MARCUS: Oh, no, no, no, no, no. That's quite out of the question, I'm afraid. No women in the temple.
CHARLEY: What?

DOCTOR: I thought you didn't believe in blasphemy.
MARCUS: Ah, well, there's wild speculation on one hand, and getting a woman near the blood on the other. Please?
DOCTOR: Relax, we'll disappear outside for a minute.

CHARLEY: You'd think we were in the Dark Ages.
DOCTOR: Not for a couple of hundred years. Now what is?
CHARLEY: There's a device in Grayle's trunk. It looks like it's from the future. A sort of pointy thing pulsing with light. And Doctor, I think it must be a radio of some kind. It knew I was there. It spoke to me.
DOCTOR: Did you bring it?
CHARLEY: Well, no. It spoke to me, well, rather angrily.
DOCTOR: They'll be a while with their announcements. Come on, let me see.

CHARLEY: It's in here.
DOCTOR: Wow!
CHARLEY: What is it?
DOCTOR: I've no idea. The technology looks familiar. It's definitely some sort of a two way transmitter. It must have been sent to Grayle by his alien friends, which means he's already in touch with them. Hmm, odd.
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: It looks as though it should project a hologram as well, but you say it only spoke to you. No pictures?
CHARLEY: None. So Grayle switched over to sound only? Why would he do that?
DOCTOR: I really don't know, Charley. Perhaps our Graylae isn't as certain of his masters as he will be in the future.
CHARLEY: Plus he's wearing his armour wherever he goes. Not something an immortal would do.
DOCTOR: Yes, there's a distinct lack of trust there. And he didn't know who I was, of course. I think now would be the ideal time to put Grayle off his stride. He's certainly more human than he was back in Singapore. We can use that.
(Electronic.)
VOICE [OC]: Graylae, the time approaches. Have the sacrifices at the appointed coordinates. We will switch to the psionic mind beam for transfer of power. The first installment of your immortality awaits you.
DOCTOR: Right you are. It's tonight. Tonight is when they, whoever they are, begin to make Grayle immortal.
CHARLEY: We have to stop it.

LUCILLIUS: And now, let me hand you over to brother Graylae for the sharing of the blood and flesh of the bull that our lord Mithras destroyed, that we might live.
GRAYLAE: Thank you, brother Lucillius. I show you the amphorae of the blood. And now let me show you where you have gone wrong!
(Smash!)
MARCUS: Ah, how terribly dull. It's gone all over the place. Will you please stop believing in things, Decurian. It's very messy! Now where are you going? The middle of the ceremony and everything. I suppose I'll have to haul him back in. It's locked. That mad oaf, he's locked us in. What is he doing?

GRAYLAE: I worship the great bull that encompasses all time and space. Master, I can feel you in my head. I call on you to give me now the power that you promised me. I offer the lives of all the men in this temple as a sacrifice worthy of you.
CHARLEY: I thought he was supposed to be in the temple?
DOCTOR: That was for the ritual gesture. This is for the sacrifice proper. Don't you think it's a more dramatic effect, here at the very centre of the fortress, open to the sky? That sound. The transfer must be starting already. We've got to stop him.
CHARLEY: How? Ow, that light. What is it?
DOCTOR: Gravitic distortion. Gravitational lensing. They're phasing energy through the event horizon of a black hole, channelling it directly into his body.
CHARLEY: Is that what makes him an immortal?

DOCTOR: Not quite, but this will keep him going for another millennia at least. But he won't be truly immortal until he physically travels through a black hole. The energies are too powerful to be released through space. It looks as though he's quite happy to sacrifice everyone in there just for that much, though. Everyone inside that temple is in terrible danger. We have to get them out.
CHARLEY: He's bolted the door. Hold on.
DOCTOR: Come on.

MARCUS: Graylae, what do you think you're? Oh, it's you two. What's going on here?
LUCILLIUS: Through the window. Look at the sky. It's the colour of blood! It's full of light!
DOCTOR: Marcus, you've got to get your men out of here.
MARCUS: We are soldiers in the service of Rome. We do not run away
DOCTOR: If you stay here, you'll all die for nothing. Facing things like this is my job.
LUCILLIUS: Do as he says. I feel it in my bones, Marcus. This is not the place for this battle. Leave that for another time.
MARCUS: I knew you'd make a prophecy one of these days. Very well. Retreat! Abandon the area! We'll return in greater numbers.
(Lots of footsteps.)
LUCILLIUS: You seem to know what this is about. Can I help?
DOCTOR: Er, I don't know.
CHARLEY: Yes, Doctor, what are we going to do?
DOCTOR: I'm going to try talking to Graylae.
CHARLEY: Talking to him? But he's going to kill you!
DOCTOR: In the future, possibly, but the laws of time are suspended, remember? There's still a change that I can talk him down.
CHARLEY: I'm coming with you.
DOCTOR: No. I'm not going to put you in the firing line. Go with Lucillius and make sure you both get a good distance from the fortress.
CHARLEY: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Please, Charley, I'm counting on you.
CHARLEY: All right. Let's go, Lucillius.
LUCILLIUS: I just hope Marcus and the others have made it to the gate.

MARCUS: Keep going, men. We're nearly at the gate. Ignore the sky. It's just the aurora. It's a mirage.
(Fizzle)
MARCUS: A demon.
DALEK: Alert!
MARCUS: A metal demon! What has this got to do with anything? Don't just stand there, attack it! Take it together. Put up your shields. Charge in the tortoise. Push it in the ditch!
DALEK: Emergency! Emergency!
MARCUS: That's it lads, we killed it. Now come on, to the gates. Help the servants and the other troopers out. Look to the wounded. Come on. Get moving there.

GRAYLAE: I can feel time and space opening up to me. Thank you, masters, for this grace. Until all time can be mine to inhabit, I will serve you faithfully, lord.
DOCTOR: Graylae.
GRAYLAE: You. The stranger.
DOCTOR: I'm not here to hurt you, Graylae, but I am here to stop you sacrificing the lives of all these people.
GRAYLAE: They are lambs to be set on the stone. They worship gods which do not exist. Heroes and sprites. Their sacrifice will bring the true Lords into this world once again.
DOCTOR: How? How did you find them?
GRAYLAE: In my meditations on the nature of power, in my prayers to Mithras. How foolish I was to imagine he was the centre of all things. As foolish as he, when he thought he had killed the demon bull. That demon called to me, with his fellows. They made me solid offers, came before me in visions. They will take me out of this ignoble place, so far from the fortune that should be mine.
DOCTOR: The fortune where? In Rome?
GRAYLAE: In Londinium, where the eldest of all my brothers has inherited the villa. I changed

my family name to distance myself from such humility. Now I know I shall outlive him and claim my family's honours and possessions. All the wealth of an undying man.
DOCTOR: That's why you're going to doom an entire world, an entire universe? For money?
GRAYLAE: As yet I know not what my masters desire of me, but I think you seek to mislead me, stranger. My masters will grant me power, the strength to make Rome glorious again!
DOCTOR: You really have no idea what you're doing, do you. Graylae, I travel in time. I have spoken to you in the future. Then you had already doomed the world, but it doesn't have to be like that.
GRAYLAE: Enough! Soon my masters will come, and then my ascension can truly begin. Your lies will not deter me.
DOCTOR: No, you're wasting your time, Graylae. You're beaten already. The sacrifice you offered has escaped. Without the lives of those men, your masters will stay just where they are. You may live an extra few years, but immortality? I don't think so.
GRAYLAE: No! How dare you!
DOCTOR: For the sake of this world and everyone who lives here, present and future. I can promise you, Grayle, every time you try to summon your masters, I will be there to stop you.
GRAYLAE: Perhaps I should remove you now, then. I am a soldier and you have declared war on me and the ones I follow. Is it not better to destroy you sooner rather than later?
DOCTOR: You're making a mistake, Graylae. Why can't you just live out your extra years and gain the fortune you want so badly? We need never see each other again.
GRAYLAE: You underestimate me. Extra time is welcome, but it is not immortality. I will only be satisfied when I am immortal, seated among the gods and my lords have this world in their hands. If you seek to stop me, then you make yourself my enemy. Make your peace with your gods.
CHARLEY: Get away from him.
DOCTOR: Charley, I told you
CHARLEY: I won't let you hurt him, Graylae. Don't come any closer or I'll use thing, I swear I will.
DOCTOR: The sword from the temple? Looks a bit big for you.
GRAYLAE: You hide behind women now, when you know I could never harm a lady? You are not only my enemy, but a coward!
DOCTOR: I'm not hiding, Graylae.
GRAYLAE: No matter. You have won this round, stranger. You spoilt my sacrifice. But if you get in my way again, with the lady or without, next time I shall put an end to your meddling!
CHARLEY: Doctor, he's getting away.
DOCTOR: Let him. We've done all we can do here. Oh, and thank you for saving my life. But please, don't make a habit of disobeying everything I say. I usually have a very good reason.
CHARLEY: You're welcome. I think I'll keep this sword. It's very jolly.
DOCTOR: But now we've got to get going. Grayle ran off for a reason. I don't think it was to return an overdue library book.
CHARLEY: The temple's shaking! Doctor, what's going on?
DOCTOR: Grayle's alien masters were trying to beam the sacrifices to their home world using a transmat beam. The shockwaves will destroy the rest of the fortress. Come along back to the Tardis. Tell me you got everyone else out.
CHARLEY: Lucillius was a bit of a straggler, but I saw him on his way. They'll all be well clear by now. We're the only ones in danger, actually.
DOCTOR: Not far now.
CHARLEY: There goes the temple!
DOCTOR: And us next. Come on, the shockwave is going to hit any moment.
CHARLEY: Run!

DOCTOR: We sprinted through the fort as the shockwave raced behind us. Buildings exploded into ash as it gained ground. Grayle's masters hadn't got the energy they needed that night, and the destruction was all in vain. When we reached the Tardis, we were only seconds ahead of the blast.

CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Key, key, key. Ah, there we are.
(Tardis door opens.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, we're not going to make it in time!

[Part Two]

DOCTOR: Ah, that was close. We only got away by the skin of our noses. Ow, watch where you're pointing that sword.
CHARLEY: Oh, sorry. I'll put it in the umbrella stand. So what do we do now?
DOCTOR: Grayle seemed to think that he would get another chance at immortality. I don't think it'll be for a while, though. He was pretty put out. I suspect his masters are limited by some astronomical alignment, something that lets them transfer their power only at certain times. We have to find out the point in space and time where they try again. A point where somehow I can sever the link between them. And here is how we find it.
CHARLEY: You're not going to need another sample, are you?
DOCTOR: No, no, I've set the Tardis to trace the point of origin for that transmat beam. Here we are. Look at this. The beam originated in the Ordinand System. A rather unlucky system, by all accounts. Got a black hole almost on their doorstep. That would make sense. Thanks to that black hole, and the sheer number of planets in the system, they can only transmit to Earth every seven hundred and fifty years or so. I think we can count on Grayle's masters having another go. Their window of opportunity is only open for a year, but that's more than enough time. How about paying Grayle another visit?
CHARLEY: Doctor, have you stopped to ask yourself why does Grayle want to kill you?
DOCTOR: Well, I'm a rather troublesome person. He probably just wants me out of the way. Actually, in Singapore there was a bit more to it than that.
CHARLEY: From what you said, he absolutely hated you, but he didn't recognise you in the Roman fort. That was the first time you'd met. What if he's after revenge for you getting in the way just then, and for all the times we're going to do it again?
DOCTOR: So if I hadn't tried to stop him killing me, he wouldn't want to kill me.
CHARLEY: Yes.
DOCTOR: If you think about things like that and travel through time, Charley, you'll turn your brain into a spiral staircase. And I've heard of people who've vanished up staircases like that. Zagreus sits inside your head, Zagreus lives amongst the dead. Zagreus sees you in your bed and eats you when you're sleeping. As mummy used to say.
CHARLEY: Zagreus?
DOCTOR: A character from a Gallifreyan nursery rhyme. But that's not important. Whatever Grayle's personal motives for wanting to see me dead, there's still the matter of his masters, who as we speak have fed upon the Earth and changed the whole time line in the process. Those alien demons, whatever they are, might want me dead themselves.
CHARLEY: Point taken. So where are we going?
DOCTOR: Ah, one of my favourite times and places. London in the year 1055. The court of King Edward, known as the Confessor. During the time known as the Rule of Solomon.
CHARLEY: So he was a very *wise* King Edward?
DOCTOR: Yes, but they didn't really mean that then. Solomon was known for being a peaceful man. This chap is very cunning. And so was his wife. Still, they kept England at peace for decades. Grab a gown from the wardrobe, Charley. We're off to hunt Sebastian Grayle in an era of harmony and tranquillity.

(Someone sounds very unhappy. Faint clink of chains, too.)
EDWARD: He's not going to calm now, is he?
EDITH: Ealthgar, you have murdered and abused your subjects as Earl of East Anglia.
EDWARD: Oh, calm down. You're not some Irish Viking. Do try and act like and Anglishman.
EDITH: We hereby decree. Oh sorry, you should do this bit.
EDWARD: Yes, I suppose. I wish you could. Ahem. Ealthgar of East Anglia, you are banished to the wilds of Scotland. Do not set foot upon any of the Earldoms of Angleland upon pain of death.
EDITH: Take him away.
EALTHGAR: No, no, no, you can't send me away! Don't take me! Oh.
EDWARD: So, who shall we give his Earldom to? Plenty of candidates, but who's the best tactical choice? Your brothers in the Godwin family have too many sons.
EDITH: It's a family trait. Present company excepted.
EDWARD: Oh, my Edith, dear swan-neck. I wish we could have a child, but
EDITH: I was joking, Edward. You know I could never hurt you with words like that. I feel able to play lightly with our misfortune.

EDWARD: Misfortune? I haven't heard my nature called that before.
EDITH: Well, I call it a misfortune when you're off in chambers with William the Bastard of Normandy for a whole weekend.
EDWARD: Didn't Harald Hardrada of Denmark entertain you enough over that time?
EDITH: Oh, they think you're so holy. They say that's why we have no heir, your mind's on higher things.
EDWARD: Shush. Here comes the bishop, Leofric of Exeter.
EDITH: Oh, I like him.
EDWARD: Don't provoke me, Edith.
GRAYLE: Greetings, my King. My Queen.
EDWARD: What is your message for us at this court of Lent, your Grace?
GRAYLE: Only to say that my mines produce fine jewellery for my lieges, of which I humbly offer two pieces.
EDITH: Why, Leofric, this necklace is lovely.
EDWARD: And this chain is warm against my throat. Most comforting. London may be one of our favourite courts, and this grand hall is magnificently decorated for our presence, but it does get a bit chilly.
EDITH: What is this comfortable metal?
GRAYLE: A new one, my Lady, known only to the expert miners who have opened new shafts to my instructions in the southwesterly tip of Earl Godwin's Earldom.
EDITH: This was most skillful of you, your Grace. We shall talk later at supper.
EDWARD: Now you're excused.
GRAYLE: My lieges.
(Footsteps leaving.)
EDITH: Most generous. Surely you agree that Leofric is ripe for Earldom?
EDWARD: Yes. Bishops often make good Earls. They don't go stealing nuns like some of *your* family.
EDITH: And he's not a Godwin, if you *must* ignore my kin.
EDWARD: (laughs) Take my arm, swan-neck. We will go to our meal and ponder this further.

DOCTOR: I think the old girl will be safe in there.
CHARLEY: I like this dress. All these brooches.
DOCTOR: Two things the Saxons were good at, jewellery and politics.
CHARLEY: But why couldn't I bring my sword?
DOCTOR: Because you're a lady. Do try to remember.
CHARLEY: Doctor, look out. Over there, the guards.
DOCTOR: They're just standing by the doors to the Great Hall.
CHARLEY: Doctor, I know my Bayeux Tapestry. The chaps with the funny nose pieces are Normans. The Web of Time must have been really fooled about with. They must have invaded early!
DOCTOR: Charley, Charley, Charley. Norman soldiers were garrisoned in Britain years before the conquest.
CHARLEY: They were?
DOCTOR: Yes. Edward and his wife Edith promised the throne to William of Normandy, Harald Hardrada of Norway, everyone who wanted it. They kept them at each other's throats for decades. Nobody wanted to invade because they thought they were going to inherit. This is a cosmopolitan court, full of Danes and Saxons and Angles and Jutes and Frenchmen and Normans and Norwegians and Irishmen and Scots, and most importantly, one rather ancient Ancient Briton.
CHARLEY: How do we know he's here?
DOCTOR: Well, the Tardis was picking up signs of transmissions from the Ordinand System to this city. But there's this as well.
(Beeps and whirrs.)
DOCTOR: A power detector. There's a radioactive source in this building. I'd be willing to bet that Grayle's got something to do with it. I'll keep the detector switched off under my robes until we're free to explore. Which reminds me. Here, swallow this.
CHARLEY: What is it?
DOCTOR: Anti-radiation pill. It'll protect you from any harmful effects if we get close to it. Now, come on. Let's go say hello to the royals.

(Sounds of merriment.)
EDWARD: An excellent lamb, Freeman. Your culinary skills bring fame to this court.
EDITH: Have you given any more thought to Bishop Leofric taking over the Earldom of East Anglia?
EDWARD: I haven't given much thought to anything. I've an ache in my throat.
EDITH: Myself also. London's halls do bring chills. Why must they build these things so close to the river? It makes my bones ache and
EDWARD: Yes, yes. Stop. But look who's here. Ah, all of you, to your feet. Sound the horns. It is the Reverend Doctor of Bruges, long of my acquaintance and that of my father. Welcome, Doctor.
EDITH: Oh no, not him.
DOCTOR: My liege, my lady.
EDWARD: Rise, Reverend Doctor. This man, Edith, before you and I met, helped treat my father Ethelred of a fever that would have despatched him.
EDITH: Really.
DOCTOR: Ethelred was unready to die that night. He fought like an ox. Speaking of which, this is the Lady Charlotte.
CHARLEY: I beg your pardon?
DOCTOR: (sotto) I mean you're a fighter. My liege, my lady. Quick.
CHARLEY: My liege. My lady.
EDITH: Isn't she rather young to be travelling with a physician such as yourself, Doctor?
DOCTOR: What she lacks in experience, she makes up for in sheer gall.
CHARLEY: An ox with gall? I'm keeping a list of these, you know.
EDWARD: Sit and take wine and food with us. Had we heard of your coming, we would have sent messengers ahead to meet you.
DOCTOR: Thank you, my liege. (sotto) Do you see who's sitting over there looking like he's smelt something nasty?
CHARLEY: (sotto) Grayle! He hasn't aged a day.
DOCTOR: I've met him before.
EDITH: And was that a happy meeting?
DOCTOR: Perhaps I should ask him.
EDITH: Then it was not.
DOCTOR: Would the Queen excuse me?
EDITH: Indeed. I have before. So, young Lady Charlotte, do take some wine.
CHARLEY: Thank you, my lady.
EDITH: Now, what of Bruges?
CHARLEY: Oh, it's much the same as it was.

DOCTOR: So Grayle, or should I say Leofric. You've got yourself a grand old Saxon name now. Why are you at court? What are you planning?
GRAYLE: Doctor, is that what they called you? Doctor who?
DOCTOR: Enemies never ask me that. Isn't that terrible, that they know me better than my friends?
GRAYLE: You've travelled through time to come here. My masters have warned me to guard against your arrival. And now there you are, before my eyes. You spoke truth that day in the fortress, then, if this is no dream.
DOCTOR: Pinch me, if you like.
GRAYLE: I'll do more than that. It has been centuries since I saw you last. During that time, you have sometimes been far from my thoughts, but never far from my heart. I spent eighty years in penitence and guilt in a community of monks on the Northern Isles, only to see them all die of their years while I remained young. I've married twelve wives, had no children, and watched every wife fade before my eyes into a crone. This world hangs around my neck as a stone at the throat of a drowning man. But whenever I looked up I remembered the words of my masters telling me that this world would pass, and in that I was constantly reminded of *you*. Of the man whose interference ensured that no season would pass for me without fear and pain. You prevented me from gaining the trancendence of a true immortal. And there you are now, the distance of my arm away. My hand wants to go to my mace and slay you for all my seasons of fear. The only thing that prevents it, the only thing
DOCTOR: That you're well in with the royals and don't want to upset the dinner table. Do you still consider your masters to be gods?

GRAYLE: Blasphemer! Would I have taken Holy Orders if I did?
DOCTOR: Then you and I don't have to be enemies at all, if you've found a faith.
GRAYLE: Faith in the power of the Lord who smites his enemies. Faith that I'm being courted by angels of providence and offered a truly graceful lifetime to be a new Messiah to these fallen children.
DOCTOR: Oh dear, you're still off your rocker.
GRAYLE: Have a care, villain!
DOCTOR: Careful with the mace. No weapons at table. So you must be busy right now. You failed your masters last time. What have they asked you to do to regain their favour?
GRAYLE: I don't have to tell you anything.
DOCTOR: But you're a gloater, Grayle. I know you are.
GRAYLE: What have you against me, to follow me, to reappear now when my ascension is nearly complete.
DOCTOR: Must we go through this again? Your actions will ultimately lead to the destruction of Earth, the conquest of all time and space. I can't and won't allow that. Think again about what your masters are for all our sakes.

EDWARD: Fascinating, my lady. Fascinating to hear you talk so fondly of your native city.
EDITH: Hmm. Next time we have visitors from Bruges I must dance this Charleston.
CHARLEY: It's all the rage, my lady. I think you'd
(Coughing fit, goblet knocked over.)
DOCTOR: Charley!
EDWARD: She's ill. Call the apothecaries!
DOCTOR: Let me, my liege.
EDITH: The poor little girl. Whatever is the matter?
DOCTOR: She's got an accelerated heartbeat, she's sweating and she's unconscious. This isn't an illness. She was fine a minutes ago. She's been poisoned!
EDWARD: What? Not in our court. Who would dare?
EDITH: We must make her expel the substance.
DOCTOR: No, we mustn't. My lady, I have medicines in my travelling chest. Let me take her there.
EDWARD: Clear his way! Let no man bar his path!
DOCTOR: Hang on, Charley. Just hang on.

DOCTOR: The nanites of the Tardis console room should be whizzing around your body right now, Charley. It won't take long. I'm sorry I said that bout the ox and the gall.
GRAYLE: The mighty magician's cabinet. I'm impressed.
DOCTOR: Grayle! How did you follow me in here? Oh, don't tell me
GRAYLE: The door was open.
DOCTOR: You did this to her.
GRAYLE: Indeed I did. I thought you'd take her back to your vehicle. How spacious it is.
DOCTOR: She could have been killed.
GRAYLE: Yes, but what of it? Within sixty years or so she'll be dead anyway.
DOCTOR: Why is that important?
GRAYLE: Because this world is designed by man and God on the basis of mortality. I returned to my inheritance, Doctor, and eventually I received it. My brothers died without issue.
DOCTOR: And you had a hand in that.
GRAYLE: I don't remember. Tiny, short lives. I've ceased to notice the way that dust motes like that quibble. I concern myself now with no one but Earls and Kings and angels.
DOCTOR: Then no wonder you're as mad as they come.
GRAYLE: My new state, and the slow processes of influence and investment, have given me a land of my own. A bishopric. And soon they will give me more.
DOCTOR: An Earldom, perhaps?
GRAYLE: The world, Doctor. What less could one desire?
DOCTOR: As well as your immortality? Your masters are getting more generous by the second. How are you going to get hold of the world, then?
GRAYLE: My masters will bestow upon me the Earldom of Earth when they come at last.
DOCTOR: You're a fool to believe that, and I suppose they want nothing at all in return?
GRAYLE: It will be *my* efforts that will allow *their* entrance to this world. I have gathered the holy metal, followed their instructions. They are grateful enough for that.

CHARLEY: Oh, that thing you do still works, doesn't it?
DOCTOR: Charley, you're all right.
GRAYLE: Don't turn your back on me for the sake of a short-lived wench!
DOCTOR: Short-lived? You!
(Sound of metal.)
DOCTOR: Oh dear.
GRAYLE: Yes, I carry a blade, and you go unarmed. Why shouldn't I kill you now?
DOCTOR: Because the King's servants will already be searching for me.
GRAYLE: They won't find you in this machine.
DOCTOR: Because when we first met you gave me the impression you'd killed me at long range.
GRAYLE: Interesting. So we meet in the future and I have done this deed. But I have free will and would do it now.
DOCTOR: Because of the hat stand.
GRAYLE: What?
CHARLEY: Ooof!
(Thump.)
CHARLEY: The hat stand.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Charley.
CHARLEY: Well, now he's tried to kill me, are you feeling more inclined to save yourself and the entire world by dropping him into a volcano or something?
DOCTOR: No. And I'm horrified that you're still suggesting that.
CHARLEY: I only say it because I know you won't do it. But.
DOCTOR: Yes?
CHARLEY: We could drop him off on some perfectly nice but deserted planet. Just get him out of the way.
DOCTOR: And then his masters, as soon as their alignment allowed, would either rescue him or pick a new disciple.
CHARLEY: Oh well, at least you got some information out of him.
DOCTOR: Yes, he's swapping metal for immortality. Not a very good bargain, I'd have thought. We need to find out what he's doing with the metal. But for now, we're expected back in the Great Hall.
CHARLEY: So what shall we do with him?
DOCTOR: I'd like to lock him in here for a while, but left alone he could do serious damage. Besides, in the end he would get out of any confinement. It's one of the most wonderful things about Lady Time, isn't it? How nothing's constant. How everything decays, changes.
CHARLEY: You call that wonderful?
DOCTOR: I call it absolutely beautiful. How would it be if everything was always the same? If you never got too big for your dresses, if you never got to pass them on to your sister? If the rainy autumn lasted forever and spring never came. At least I change. I'm stumbling my way through bodies like I own a particularly dangerous bicycle. Grayle never changes, not inside, not who he is, so time piles on top of him and kills everything good. No one should have to go through that.
CHARLEY: If we're going to help him, we're going to have to separate him from his masters. So we need to find out more about *them*, don't we?
DOCTOR: Yes, I'm sorry, I was soliloquising again. Filthy habit. Come on, let's get him outside and hide him in a corner somewhere.

CHARLEY: Oh, he's heavy.
DOCTOR: Get him behind the
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Ah.
EDITH: What have you done to our Bishop?
DOCTOR: My Lady, we only
CHARLEY: Rendered him unconscious.
EDITH: You seem quite well now, young lady. You said earlier, Doctor, that yourself and Leofric had been enemies.
DOCTOR: Ah. Doesn't look good, does it?
EDITH: Guards, take them.

DOCTOR: Edith, come on. I know what this is really about.
EDITH: Then you'll have to find something else to ponder in our prison.

(Clink of chains.)
CHARLEY: I can't believe we're actually manacled to a wall. I thought they only did that in cartoons.
DOCTOR: Yes, it's a form of torture.
CHARLEY: Odd, because it doesn't hurt.
DOCTOR: In a couple of days it will. If they leave us for a week, we'll be in continuous agony.
CHARLEY: Oh.
DOCTOR: Cheer up, there's a mouse.
CHARLEY: I am deeply cheered. So what did you mean when you told Queen Edith that you knew what this was really about?
DOCTOR: Oh, she knows I wouldn't hurt her Bishop. She's just upset because I left her at the altar.
CHARLEY: You did what?
DOCTOR: Before Edward and Edith met, Edward was a puppet ruler put on the throne by Edith's family, the Godwin's. They decided they wanted an heir to the throne so they married him off to their daughter Edith, the most beautiful woman in England. Probably.
CHARLEY: Yes, but
DOCTOR: But Edith also turned out to be the most intelligent woman in England. She and Edward really liked each other, and they spent the next few decades making all of England's enemies fall into their own traps.
CHARLEY: So you and she have a lot in common.
DOCTOR: I met her at her father's court, much as I met Edward at his. I really liked the idea of spending some time talking about politics with the most brilliant tactician of her age. Only Edith saw it a little bit differently. One leap year she asked me to marry her.
CHARLEY: And you said
DOCTOR: Well, I must have mumbled, and then everyone was talking about a wedding before her father returned to say no. And I couldn't see her beforehand, and none of her courtiers wanted to listen when I said I didn't want to marry her, and one thing led to another
CHARLEY: And you did a runner.
DOCTOR: It was either that or become part of British history.
(Door opens.)
GRAYLE: I hope you are both considering your immortal souls.
(Door closes.)
CHARLEY: You! I should have thumped you harder.
GRAYLE: The King is most displeased with your for attacking one of his clergy.
DOCTOR: If I could speak to him?
GRAYLE: But he's indisposed. An illness. I've been granted leave to take your confession, Doctor. To forgive you for your sins against me. I intend to hear you beg your contrition at great length. But first, let's see what tricks you have up your sleeve. What, for example, is this?
DOCTOR: It's a musical instrument.
GRAYLE: Then how does it play?
(The device whirrs.)
GRAYLE: It roars at me!
CHARLEY: (sotto) Doctor, if that's the radiation detector
DOCTOR: Just a harmless tracking device. Still a man of your age, eh, Grayle, frightened of the great beyond? Don't your masters scare you just a little bit?
GRAYLE: Of course they do. It is wise to fear the angels of the Lord. And it would be wise of you to fear *me* and my blade.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
GRAYLE: First, you will suffer slowly. Then, the girl.
DOCTOR: Charley, close your eyes.
(The Doctor cries out.)
CHARLEY: Stop hurting him!
GRAYLE: Very well. You are a short-haired wench, aren't you.
CHARLEY: I really didn't mean that you should hurt me instead.
GRAYLE: Unfortunately, that's exactly how I took it.
DOCTOR: Grayle, if you harm her

CHARLEY: Ow!
GRAYLE: Hush! That was just a nick on your ear. Men suffer worse at the barber.
DOCTOR: If you harm her, I will show you suffering beyond anything you've experienced so far. Do you hear me, Grayle?
GRAYLE: You dare
CHARLEY: No, Doctor, don't make him go to you, not for me.
(The Doctor cries out. The door opens.)
EDITH: Leofric?
(Door closes.)
GRAYLE: My queen.
DOCTOR: Edith! Thank goodness.
EDITH: Don't thank me for anything yet, Doctor.
CHARLEY: You're not here to free us?
DOCTOR: From the look of that smile, no, she isn't.
EDITH: His Grace the Bishop has been a good servant to the Crown, and the Doctor has been only a false traitor to me.
DOCTOR: Edith, I was very fond of you. I just don't do weddings.
EDITH: Leofric has offered me a way to keep Angleland safe for centuries hence. And when dear Edward dies, and somehow Leofric has made his way past all the servants and food tasters to bring the King to the brink of that condition, then myself and the new Earl of East Anglia will have a baby strong enough to keep the throne.
GRAYLE: My loyalty to my queen is absolute, and the necklace she wears is testimony to it.
DOCTOR: My lady, I can give you gifts too. The sparkling object on the floor, for instance.
GRAYLE: No! Wait, my
EDITH: What, this? An odd sort of gift. A lantern of tiny lights and chiming noises? The handiwork of Bruges is something to behold, but for what?
DOCTOR: Er, for England, my lady.
EDITH: What does the knave. Oh!
GRAYLE: My lady, take my arm.
EDITH: My throat. So warm. I feel so weak.
CHARLEY: Doctor, has the tracer done something to her?
DOCTOR: Of course not.
GRAYLE: My lady. My lady? My lady, can you hear me? No, no, I think not. (laughs)
CHARLEY: What have you done to her?
GRAYLE: Exactly what I've done to her husband. The necklets they wear are made of a holy metal, mined in great quantity by my servants. The metal kills. It can kill you slowly, over months, like an illness, as my men have discovered. But then my masters deemed that we should stack it in a pile with peat and lead, and it emerged in a form that only I could handily safely. A form that burnt my servants like the sun, and killed them in hours.
DOCTOR: Humans will call it plutonium.
CHARLEY: But Doctor
DOCTOR: And you made two necklaces of it to kill the King and Queen. Are you hoping to take their place?
GRAYLE: A hundred sail barges will arrive at the docks this night, each loaded with the deadly metal. Each controlled by a master who will be as dead as the ferryman across the infernal river, though he will know it not.
DOCTOR: A hundred sail barges full of plutonium. That's a lot of raw power. But what do you intend to do with it, hmm?
GRAYLE: I shall use it. It will bring my masters to me.
CHARLEY: None of this is in the history books, is it?
DOCTOR: No, but if it's stopped now it could be smoothed over. The court's been exposed to a lot of radiation. It'll persist for a few decades, but that would explain the mad genetics of the next few rulers.
GRAYLE: Why so prim, Doctor? There's no one here to be dismayed by your knowledge of the future.
EDITH: Isn't there? What a wonderful plan you had. A pity it's going to fail.
GRAYLE: What? You live?
(Door opens.)
EDWARD: She does, traitor. As do I. Do you think we have kept this throne so long by not recognising death when we feel it at our throats?

GRAYLE: The necklets. Replacements.
DOCTOR: Which is why the Queen didn't set off the detector. She really does remind me of me.
GRAYLE: It matters not. You cannot stop *me*.
(Draws sword. Gurgling sound.)
EDWARD: Guards! Guards!
EDITH: Help me!
GRAYLE: Another word, my liege, and the Lady Edith is no more. My triumph is still at hand. I depart to enjoy it.
(Door opens.)
EDWARD: Guards! Where are you? Oh, useless lot. Pursue him! Pursue Leofric!
DOCTOR: Your guards won't be able to stop him if plutonium doesn't harm him. He's pretty near invulnerable. Get me out of these manacles. That man is my responsibility. Ah.
EDWARD: You know my wife well, it seems, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Only as well as you do, my liege.
EDITH: You two are the only men wily enough to see through my tricks.
EDWARD: Here. If you would pursue the villain, take my sword.
EDITH: For England, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I don't do swords either, my Queen. There's always a better way. We have to stop those barges from unloading. Tell your men to expect a fight at the docks. Prepare them to defend the court. Charley, you go back to the Tardis. I'll deal with Grayle.
CHARLEY: Be careful, Doctor.
EDWARD: My dear Edith, do you ever think you married the wrong man?
EDITH: My dear Edward, shall we see to those boats?

DOCTOR: I clambered out onto the roof of the hall and looked down. Along the river floated a necklace of bright jewels, each barge burning a lantern above its cargo of death. Power enough to do anything, but I already had an idea of what Grayle intended for it. It wasn't a comfortable thought. When I caught sight of Grayle standing on the wall, he was surrounded by a nimbus of light. His masters had already started to send their power to him.

GRAYLE: Doctor, you are too late. Soon you shall see my masters face to face. They have already granted me a taste of their ultimate reward, and so much more is to come.
DOCTOR: No, I'm here to stop you.
GRAYLE: Stop me? You mean kill me for what I did to your companion.
DOCTOR: I mean stop you, any way I can.
GRAYLE: So you have a moral code, an aversion to killing. Not an aversion to dooming me to this half-life of a thousand years.
DOCTOR: Grayle, you doomed yourself. But you can save yourself just as easily. Don't do this.
GRAYLE: After all this work? I think not. See my machine, Doctor? My masters instructed me in its particulars, but I built it. Is it not a fine sight? The holy metal will lend it power and I shall bring my masters to my side. The angels of the Lord shall walk upon the Earth once again.
DOCTOR: Those are not angels, Grayle. Can't you see? They're monsters, and they seek to turn you into one as well.
GRAYLE: Then at least I will no longer be the youngest son, the last promoted, the furthest banished!
DOCTOR: Look inside yourself. They're turning you into something inhuman. The Grayle I met at the Temple of Mithras would not act as you do now. He was misguided but not evil. He would have spared the life of a lady. You were prepared to torture one.
GRAYLE: What is evil? What is morality to an immortal? You can keep your petty ethics, Doctor. See, the barges have reached the docks. My men are about to unload them. Soon the metal will be delivered to me.
DOCTOR: Ah, no, actually. The plutonium won't get inside the castle. I've seen to that.
(Sounds of fighting at a distance.)
GRAYLE: My men at arms are being held back. So you obstruct me again!
DOCTOR: It's what I do.
GRAYLE: Not for much longer. I have the machine, Doctor. I can mine more holy metal from another source. And I will live long enough to fulfill my role, which is more than can be said for you. This time I will be sure of your death. Do you know how to fly, Time Traveller? Shall we find

out?
(A man's scream falls away.)

[Part Three]

DOCTOR: Not today, Grayle, thanks all the same.
CHARLEY: Doctor, what have you done?
DOCTOR: Hello, Charley.
CHARLEY: You've killed him!
DOCTOR: No, look down there. That's him swimming away. A fall like that wouldn't even wind him. Thanks to his masters, Grayle is virtually indestructible.
CHARLEY: Well, unless he gets out of this city pretty fast, I think Edith will do her best to put that right, with any luck.
DOCTOR: I wonder if Grayle can be killed at all? I've no idea how far his invulnerability extends.
CHARLEY: Not very far if I get my hands on him. What's this?
DOCTOR: It's the machine that Grayle's master instructed him to make. Looks like a rudimentary transmat, powered with enough plutonium to shift a reasonable mass all the way from the Ordinand system.
CHARLEY: He was telling the truth, then. He was bringing his masters to him.
DOCTOR: Master, in the singular, I think. Unless his masters are very small indeed I don't think this machine could handle more than one. Interesting.
CHARLEY: Is it?
DOCTOR: Very. That Grayle had to make a machine like this at all suggests that his masters no longer possess the energy to move anything between the systems themselves, whether that be sacrifices or themselves. They must be getting desperate. Until Grayle finds a way to take at least one of them away from the Ordinand system, they're stuck there.
CHARLEY: So it's just him we have to deal with for now, then? We throw this machine off the tower and make sure that Grayle has his head chopped off, or something, and case closed.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid it's not quite that simple.
CHARLEY: It never is, is it.
DOCTOR: The Grayle that I just threw off this roof wasn't quite the one that I met in Singapore. We meet each other at some point in the future. Besides, he's probably on his way out of the country as we speak. It'll take him a while, too long for this window of opportunity, but he can always make another machine and find the fuel for it. All we can do here is make sure the plutonium is properly dealt with. Then we find Grayle's master's next opportunity and get in the way again. Shall we go?
CHARLEY: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes?
CHARLEY: The machine?
DOCTOR: Oh, yes. Give us a hand, Charley.
(Grunts of effort.)

DOCTOR: Thankfully, despite the drama of the last few hours, the court wasn't that ruffled. Intrigue comes with the territory when you spend time around royalty. I left instructions with Edith and Edward on how to deal with the plutonium, along with enough anti-radiation pills to protect anyone working with it. We took off as soon as politeness allowed, probably sooner than that. As soon as I had the chance to relax, my body remembered that it had been rather roughly dealt with.

CHARLEY: Doctor, are you all right?
DOCTOR: No, Charley, I don't think I am. Oh dear, there's blood on my shirt.
CHARLEY: Oh, come on, lean on me. We'll get you to the medical wing.

CHARLEY: So many small incisions. He really took a dislike to your chest.
DOCTOR: Hmm. How's your ear?
CHARLEY: Oh, that's nothing. It stopped bleeding on its own.
DOCTOR: I thought he was going to
CHARLEY: But he didn't. Will you please just say what's on your mind? It's unnerving when you're quiet. Normally there's not a single unexpressed thought.

DOCTOR: Charley, when we were fighting, I really. I think I actually wanted to kill Grayle. I'm not sure I had his invulnerability in mind when I threw him from the roof. For a moment, I hated him as strongly as he must hate me. I imagined I saw your blood on his hands.
CHARLEY: And I remember expressing several violent thoughts about him, but I wouldn't do anything about them. He's a bounder. It's only natural to want to
DOCTOR: There's a difference between your words and my actions. I'm the Doctor. I can't do that sort of thing. But I might have done.
CHARLEY: But you didn't. And I know you wouldn't. You're right, that's not who you are. All the same, there's something about Grayle that really upsets you, isn't there?
DOCTOR: Yes. I don't know, it's just that his ideas are so small. He's timeless but he's still a product of the times he's living in, yet his plans are so huge. He'd destroy the universe because of the terms of his father's will.
CHARLEY: And now he's failed to get his immortality again. He's going to go another seven hundred and fifty years tied up in the details of the world. I don't think it's going to do much for his sanity.
DOCTOR: I don't think it can get much worse. He's changed. He's become evil. The first Grayle, or should I say Graylae, wouldn't even understand what that means.
CHARLEY: So we stop him. No problem. Put your shirt on.

DOCTOR: It's fairly straight forward this time. We just look ahead another seven hundred and fifty years and we find
(Console beeps and chatters.)
DOCTOR: Of course. The early nineteenth century.
CHARLEY: So how do we find him? He could be anywhere in the world.
DOCTOR: I don't think so. He's been tied to Britain for so long, I think he'd get back to it as soon as he could. Probably the moment William invaded. And so he's had all this time to collect more plutonium for his machine.
CHARLEY: Doctor, why do these masters, his angels or whatever, actually need a machine like this? I mean, they seem pretty powerful. Why can't they get here in a spaceship?
DOCTOR: You know, that's a very good question. A very good question indeed.
CHARLEY: Well?
DOCTOR: I haven't a clue. Maybe this thing will provide an answer. Hmm. Grayle will need directions from his masters to build a replacement machine because I doubt he wrote down the instructions the first time. Mind you, he's had plenty of time by now, so we'd better find him quickly.
CHARLEY: In which case we just need your detector, and the Tardis tells us he's in oh! Buckinghamshire. Another wonderful opportunity to wear a nice dress.
DOCTOR: Be a bit conspicuous, wouldn't it?
CHARLEY: An opportunity for me.

(The Tardis materialises. Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Caves. I really like this sword of yours. In terms of fashion, I mean. This was a time when it suited a gentleman to carry one. It's thin enough to pass for a rapier.
(The Doctor finishes swishing the blade around and puts it in its scabbard.)
DOCTOR: Do you like the look?
CHARLEY: I'd prefer it if I could carry it.
DOCTOR: Not in the year 1806. George the Third is on the throne, William Pitt is Prime Minister, and ladies fight with witticisms and the occasional fan. Not with edged weapons. Now, we've landed towards the end of the time the transmission channels are open.
CHARLEY: So Grayle's had a year to talk with his masters?
DOCTOR: Not forgetting the seven hundred and fifty years he's been left to his own devices, knowing about radioactivity.
CHARLEY: Wonderful. Are you ever going to explain this plutonium stuff to me?
DOCTOR: Not much to explain. Tremendously rich source of energy, kills humans if you get near it unprotected, and frequently used in weaponry. Next? Hey, bats! Great!

GRAYLE: Release the prey.
(Birdsong.)
GRAYLE: Lucifer, seek.
LUCY: Your falcon is master of the air, Sir Sebastian.

GRAYLE: As I am master of these lands, Lucy, and so much more besides.
LUCY: Such as?
GRAYLE: (laughs) Your heart, for instance.
LUCY: My father has only an influence on my affections, sir. He does not buy and sell me like one of your shares.
GRAYLE: Ah, you talk of social niceties. I know nothing of these. All I care for is the power to rise above them. But you would not talk at all, had you no interest in the matter, madam. Have I not shown you wonders, things from other worlds, secrets beyond human understanding?
LUCY: Indeed. I believe you are what you say you are. A man who stands above the rest. A man, however, is not a museum. There is the matter of his conscience.
GRAYLE: I have none. Do what thou will shall be the whole of my law.
LUCY: And you have pride in that? That you are above the laws of man and God?
GRAYLE: And that, Miss Martin, is why you are here. This weekend, I would have an answer from you to the matter of my proposal.
LUCY: You will have your answer, sir. In time.
GRAYLE: I tire of this sport. I have much to prepare for the meeting tonight. It is an important occasion in our calendar. I trust you and your father will attend?
LUCY: If women are allowed, sir.
GRAYLE: My dear Miss Martin, women are positively encouraged. Shall we?

(Footsteps.)
CHARLEY: We're getting near to the surface. There's a light in the distance.
DOCTOR: And look at this.
CHARLEY: Another mouse?
DOCTOR: Oh, sorry to disappoint you. It's just a door made of gold. Oh, it's just some sort of dungeon.
CHARLEY: Well, we were in a dungeon just the other day, and that one didn't have chandeliers, candles, a dining table or
DOCTOR: Yes. A fine claret. Mmm!
CHARLEY: So this is Grayle's dining room?
DOCTOR: Buckinghamshire. Of course. We're in Wycombe Caves, one of the bases of the Hellfire Club.
CHARLEY: So this is the same organisation we encountered
DOCTOR: Yes, but a few decades past its golden years. Such renowned debauchees as Sir Francis Dashwood, the Earl of Sandwich and Benjamin Franklin disported themselves right here. We can't be are from Medmenham Abbey.
CHARLEY: Benjamin Franklin? The American President?
DOCTOR: President, scientist, magician. In those days you were allowed to be President and still be interesting.
CHARLEY: So what sort of things did they get up to in here?
DOCTOR: Oh, you know, rude things.
CHARLEY: Like?
DOCTOR: Like probably drank far too much. Look, they weren't too careful where they threw their chicken drumsticks.
CHARLEY: Did they have orgies?
DOCTOR: Charlotte Pollard!
CHARLEY: I went to an orgy once. I didn't stay.
DOCTOR: Well, people said the Hellfire Club had orgies, but they always say that when women are first admitted to any patriarchal political culture.
CHARLEY: Oh. How boring. What are these?
DOCTOR: Cretan urns.
CHARLEY: What's a Cretan urn?
DOCTOR: Less than a Grecian.
CHARLEY: I mean, how do you know they're Cretan?
DOCTOR: The design. It's an entirely separate culture. And these are from the height of the Minoan civilisation.
CHARLEY: Quite a large collection. And there are blades, knives, swords, ancient coins.
DOCTOR: Again, all Minoan. Grayle hasn't lost his interest in his boss, Bovis. Someone's coming.
CHARLEY: Where can we hide?

DOCTOR: Let's not.
CHARLEY: What if it's Grayle?
DOCTOR: We're going to meet him sooner or later. Sometimes the best way is in the front door.
CHARLEY: You tried that last time, remember, and we ended up manacled to a wall.
DOCTOR: Ah, yes. Perhaps we should sneaking, then. Over there, behind the urns.
RICHARD: You, sir. Who are you? What are you doing in here?
CHARLEY: So much for sneaking.
DOCTOR: I'm Sir Peter Pollard, sir, and I'm pottering. Your servant, sir. And you are?
RICHARD: Colonel Richard Martin, sir. At your service, sir.
DOCTOR: The famous Richard Martin, eh? I thought you'd be older. An honour to meet you. I'd like to say a personal thanks for your brave actions at the battle of Aboukir. This is my daughter, Charlotte.
RICHARD: Well, I er. Charmed to meet you, Miss Pollard, but
CHARLEY: But now we are saved, sir. We were touring the caves, guided by a couple of local rogues. We were hoping that we would snag a fine stalactite or stalagmite. The rogues extinguished their torches and tried to rob us. But Daddy dear was too swift for them.
DOCTOR: Yes, I was. We ran in here and slammed the door. When we heard your footsteps, we feared the rogues had returned, hence the hiding. Very fine urns, by the way.
RICHARD: Rogues, you say? One day someone will think to licence the guides. May I ask, sir, where you are staying hereabouts?
DOCTOR: Why, sir, we have only just arrived.
RICHARD: Then please, the young lady must be feeling faint. She is much the same age as my own dear daughter, Lucy, and I know to what weakness such frail things are prey. Oblige me and accompany me back to where I have my lodgings with the owner of these very caves.
DOCTOR: And that would be whom?
RICHARD: Sir Sebastian Grayle? I'm sure when he hears your story he'll offer you every hospitality.
CHARLEY: Doubtless.
RICHARD: Allow me to lead the way.
CHARLEY: (sotto) Sir Peter Pollard?
DOCTOR: (sotto) Daddy dear?
CHARLEY: (sotto) I can make this stuff up all day. I've read a lot of Jane Austen.

LUCY: So, Sir Sebastian, have you completed your preparations?
GRAYLE: Indeed, Lucy. I've received messages by courier from every one of our brethren, and those of your own sex who form a sorority within the Circle of Hellfire. Tonight is the night of our year, the celebration of the rising of the Bull.
LUCY: Please, sir. Such talk would offend my maidenly ears.
GRAYLE: I would hope your ears would be maidenly.
LUCY: If that is a joke, sir, I protest that I do not understand it.
GRAYLE: You may protest, madam, but
(Door opens.)
RICHARD: Sir Sebastian! Alone with my daughter? Do I take it she has answered your suit?
LUCY: No, papa. She has not.
RICHARD: Well, it's most irregular, but
GRAYLE: But anything for your future wealthy son-in-law, eh, Richard? And you bring guests with you. Who might you have? Well. (laughs) Doctor! We meet again. I feel I am duty-bound to offer you my every hospitality.
CHARLEY: Great. More manacles.
RICHARD: I found the lady and gentleman in the caves as I was finding the hornèd goblet, as you requested, Sir Sebastian. You know each other then?
GRAYLE: Indeed. Will you not introduce yourself, Doctor? On my part, I present to you my great friend and, if I may be so bold, my future wife, Lucy Martin.
DOCTOR: Delighted to meet you, Miss.
RICHARD: Doctor, you say?
DOCTOR: It is my privilege to be both a doctor and a knight, Mister Martin.
LUCY: Why, it is a delight to find some feminine company in this great folly.
CHARLEY: To what folly do you refer?
LUCY: Why, how many follies do you see around you?
CHARLEY: I would hesitate to be a girl who found folly where there was none.

DOCTOR: (sotto) Oh, stop it.
GRAYLE: You seem to have acquired a new title since I met you last, Doctor. How invigorating. As you can see, I too have changed a little.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, losing the beard was a good move.
GRAYLE: Ah, I have missed your sense of humour. I think you should join me for dinner tonight, along with your lovely
CHARLEY: His daughter, Charlotte.
GRAYLE: Daughter? How delightful. There is no telling what hilarity may ensue.
DOCTOR: A splendid idea, sir.
CHARLEY: (sotto) What are you doing? What is *he* doing?
DOCTOR: (sotto) Later.
GRAYLE: Burroughs, my manservant, will now show you to the west wing and prepare rooms for you. You will both stay the night and join my little party, won't you?

CHARLEY: So, would you like to explain? He wasn't waving a sword at us, we weren't surrounded by huge scary men, and yet you cheerfully do what he tells you. Why?
DOCTOR: Because he wasn't waving a sword at us, or surrounding us with huge scary men. He's happy, and he's in the mood to talk. We still don't know who his masters are. With Grayle acting like this, we can find out.
CHARLEY: And why do you think he's happy?
DOCTOR: He's confident, he's invulnerable. He must be close to his goal, and he doesn't think I can stop him. He's ready to gloat. All the more reason to find out exactly what's going on from the horse's mouth.
CHARLEY: Fine. You win. But I reserve the right to say I told you so if we end up chained to a wall again.
DOCTOR: Granted. Come on. Let's check over the rooms and then find out more over nibbles.

(Over faint clatter of cutlery on crockery.)
DOCTOR: The holes in your Swiss cheese.
RICHARD: Marvellous supper, Sir Sebastian.
GRAYLE: Thank you. I will endeavour to keep your daughter in similar style.
LUCY: Oh good.
GRAYLE: Will you not take venison, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Thank you, no. I rarely touch meat.
GRAYLE: A very spiritual point of view.
CHARLEY: I would have thought, Sir Sebastian, that you would be most interested in spiritual viewpoints.
GRAYLE: I was once. Now I am of the opinion that the world and all that is in it merely exist to serve *me*. I intend to change this country forever, and, as Mister Martin knows, I have the means to do so.
(Richard Martin laughs.)
DOCTOR: So you acknowledge no master?
GRAYLE: Every man must acknowledge *one* master, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I thought that you had renounced God and his holy angels, sir.
GRAYLE: I may have moved beyond the limits of what used to be my holy order, but I retain the loyalty *to* my masters, Doctor, as you must realise.
LUCY: You held Holy Orders, Sir Sebastian? Which one? Were you a monk?
GRAYLE: I was, dear Lucy, once the Bishop of all Cornwall.
RICHARD: (laughs) We never know when you are joking, sir.
DOCTOR: (sotto) It's as I thought. He's willing to talk about anything.
CHARLEY: (sotto) Because he thinks he's invincible?
GRAYLE: Doctor, what are you whispering about? You insult the rest of the table with your secrets.
DOCTOR: I have little to hide from you, Sir Sebastian. But the things I could reveal may shock the ladies. Perhaps we should discuss them in private?
GRAYLE: What have you that would shock my dear Lucy? Do you offer her insult? Have a care, sir, lest I see cause to defend her honour!
DOCTOR: You see no such cause, I promise you.
GRAYLE: You call me blind, now? Unable to see your words for what they are?
DOCTOR: Of course not.

GRAYLE: Then you call me a liar!
DOCTOR: Now I see what you're up to. Very clever, Grayle. Very civilised.
LUCY: My dear, perhaps my father and I should leave. You and this gentleman seem to have some history that has disturbed you, perhaps.
RICHARD: Yes, it may be that this trouble would be better resolved without our presence. Come, my dear.
GRAYLE: No! Stay. I wish you to see this. Doctor, I call you out. You have offered me, my house and my lady, insult. A duel is the only answer to this slur. Immediately, sir.
RICHARD: Sirs, please. Cannot both of you forgive and think of your fellow man?
DOCTOR: Sir Sebastian, I have no reason or desire to raise arms against *you*. Please forgive my words. I meant no insult.
GRAYLE: Your meaning was clear, sir. Are you a coward then, that you will not accept my challenge?
DOCTOR: You have called me that before, I recall. It was as untrue then as it is now. I accept your challenge, sir.
CHARLEY: Doctor, no. That's just what he wants.
DOCTOR: I take it the choice of weapons is mine?
GRAYLE: Of course.
DOCTOR: Then I choose swords.
GRAYLE: Burroughs will bring torches to the hundred acre field. And may honour be satisfied.

(A church bell tolls and an owl hoots.)
DOCTOR: I stood under an old oak tree in the darkness as Grayle's servants fussed around, clearing a formal area in the field for the duel. The house staff and guests stood at a distance, looking on.

CHARLEY: Doctor, are you sure you know what you're doing?
(Draws sword.)
DOCTOR: This sword you picked has got a really nice weight to it. Do you want to have a go?
CHARLEY: No, I do not. What do you think you're doing?
DOCTOR: Grayle's idea of toying with me is to pull me down to his level, to kill me using the manners of history. He set me up at dinner, now he wants to finish me off before the meeting tonight.
CHARLEY: Are you any good with a sword?
DOCTOR: I've had my moments. Ow! This thing is sharp.
CHARLEY: And how are you going to deal with the small matter of your opponent being invulnerable to all harm?
DOCTOR: With style, of course. Ah, good evening, Miss Martin. If you'll excuse me, ladies, I've a feeling I should be warming up or something.
LUCY: Your papa seems to have played out his hand.
CHARLEY: And your papa is nowhere to be seen.
LUCY: He is horrified by this duel and will not be seen at it.
CHARLEY: And yet you are not?
LUCY: Indeed. Is that not peculiar?
CHARLEY: To which hand of my papa's did you refer just now?
LUCY: Credit me for some intelligence, Miss Pollard. The bad history between your father and Sebastian is obvious. They made no attempt to conceal it, and yet you expect me to believe that you found yourselves stranded at Sebastian's country house completely by chance.
CHARLEY: I confess that there may have been motive behind our appearance, but I can assure you, Lucy, that my father's hand is no more played out than yours.
LUCY: So, we seem more alike than I first thought. May I speak frankly with you, Charlotte?
CHARLEY: I would not have it that you spoke to me otherwise.
LUCY: I have no intention of marrying Sir Sebastian Grayle. I did so when first we met, but one can only hear so much about the purifying power of male cattle before one is completely put off ones supper.
CHARLEY: So why are you still here?
LUCY: Because I have my manners. And because I am waiting. Oh look, they're about to begin.
GRAYLE: Are you prepared, sir?
DOCTOR: I expect so.

GRAYLE: We will stand back to back. Then we will march forward ten paces to the beat of the drum. On the tenth pace, we turn and move to the attack. Do you accept these rules?
DOCTOR: Is it too late to suggest a round of bridge?
GRAYLE: Raise your sword, sir, and begin your last walk.
CHARLEY: Oh, no.
RICHARD: Ah, there you are, daughter.
LUCY: Papa, you have changed your mind as to seeing the spectacle, then?
RICHARD: Oh, why, no. I have arrived to insist you accompany me back to the house.
LUCY: Of course, Father.
CHARLEY: You can't just walk away. Not when the Doctor could be about to die.
RICHARD: The Doctor? That is a strange way to refer to your father.
CHARLEY: He's not my father. He's my best friend. Or, he was.
GRAYLE: Halt. Turn. Doctor, en garde.

DOCTOR: I turned. Of all of humanity's weapons, the sword is their favourite. Different forms of it persist throughout their history, and consequently I've taught myself to become an expert in its use. Unfortunately, Grayle had been alive even longer than I had, and had even more time to practice. We closed to a sword's length apart and steel clashed for the first time.

GRAYLE: You're good, Doctor, but skill won't save you.
DOCTOR: And you, Grayle, are over-confident. Pride comes before a fall, and all that.
GRAYLE: You hurled me from a roof and could not kill me. You know I have a certain advantage in this duel. You can't hurt me, but I
(The Doctor cries out in pain.)
CHARLEY: Doctor!
LUCY: He's not badly hurt, Charlotte. Be brave.
GRAYLE: I can hurt you. This will be such satisfying sport. You will scream for death before I've finished with you.
DOCTOR: Not if I finish with you first.
(Whooshing sound.)
GRAYLE: Argh! You only touched me, but it, it burned!
DOCTOR: It sucks the alien energy from your body, Grayle. It's a rustless weapon. The ancients who constructed it knew what they were doing. You feeling your age yet?
GRAYLE: You cannot kill me, Doctor. You are too noble for that.
DOCTOR: Yes, the nobility that you once possessed. You were very like me once. You were dissatisfied with what you had, you searched for something more. You sought the freedom to roam space and time. The first Grayle even had the humility to recognise a greater power, the capacity to love. We could have been friends, Grayle. Cut off from your masters we could still be friends. I don't have to take all your energy, just enough to frustrate their plans. You have a woman ready to marry you. Isn't one life enough?
GRAYLE: Not for you. You arrive to make my life painful at every point. You won't allow me the freedom you crave for yourself!
DOCTOR: Not at the expense of others.
GRAYLE: But it is the only freedom I can have. The freedom to go beyond. You say I have a bride here, but I do not. I do not aim to keep her any more than I intend to keep anything else from my life here. I will have something better!
DOCTOR: Grayle, listen to me. If I hold this sword to your throat for long enough, the years will exact their rightful toll. Do you want know what if feels like to be fourteen hundred years old?
GRAYLE: I will, I will not allow
DOCTOR: I won't let you let go. I can't.
GRAYLE: Then you will die.
CHARLEY: He's got a knife! Doctor! No, Lucy, come back. He'll be all right.
LUCY: Doctor. Oh, Papa, help!
CHARLEY: Grayle, let Lucy go!
GRAYLE: I may have lost my vigour, but I can get it back when my masters arrive. When I give them the final thing they need. My bride. Come near me and she dies. Another sacrifice is easy enough to come by. Let us away!
(A horse neighs then gallops away.)
RICHARD: He's taking Lucy with him! We must follow.
CHARLEY: I don't think the Doctor's quite ready for that. A moment ago you were ready to leave

him to fight. Funny, isn't it, how you want his help now.
DOCTOR: It's all right, Charley. Have I changed?
CHARLEY: No. Still the same.
DOCTOR: Ah, good. Takes more than a few stab wounds to finish me off. A couple of bandages and I'll be. Oh no.
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: This shirt is full of holes! Can't I keep even one of them intact?
RICHARD: Never mind your shirt, sir. What about Grayle?
DOCTOR: Grayle, yes. He's taken Lucy to give to his masters. He'll have rebuilt the transmat. Probably got the plutonium to power it, too.
RICHARD: Sir, if this transmat is the means by which Grayle says he will change this country forever, then I know where it is kept. The caves where I found you. That is where the party is to be held tonight.
DOCTOR: Then let's go!

LUCY: Let go of me!
GRAYLE: As soon as I have attached you to the sacrificial stone. (chink of metal) Then I'll gladly let go of you.
LUCY: The sacrificial? What are you planning to do to me?
GRAYLE: Once they arrive through my machine, my masters require one more thing of me. They require the binding energy of organic compounds. Such energy as is found in your body! The journey through the black hole saps their energies. They need to feed upon their arrival.
LUCY: This is more of your magic. I know not of what you speak.
GRAYLE: Once I felt the same way. But then they showed me the worlds they inhabit, their palaces of infinite conception, their great journey of life. Once they are here, Lucy, all will become clear. They will consume this world, give me true immortality, and allow me the freedom to depart for the very stars. I was going to wait for the rest of my Hellfire Club to arrive, to provide more sustenance, but, er, one body should be a good start. Why don't we set things in motion
(Machine powers up.)
GRAYLE: Right now.

DOCTOR: Come on.
RICHARD: He's placed a great rock against the door. How is that possible?
DOCTOR: He's using up the last of his energy, which means he's getting ready for the end.
CHARLEY: You must have really hurt him with that sword.
DOCTOR: Yes. I drained him of so much power, I should think he's feeling rather vulnerable now. I was very lucky, really. It was Marcus that gave me the idea, but it took me a while to think of it. This is the sword which Mithras used to slay the demon bull. A rustless weapon,
CHARLEY: Pure iron? In stories, magical creatures are always afraid of that.
DOCTOR: Exactly. If it worked for Mithras, I thought, it'll work for me. It wasn't just his chivalry about ladies that made Grayle run from us at the Roman fort. Is there another way into the caves?
RICHARD: Well, er, there's the chimney. It's a narrow crevice leading down to where we build a fire, but
DOCTOR: I can get down there. Show me.
CHARLEY: I'm coming too. Don't even try to say no.
DOCTOR: I wouldn't dream of it.

RICHARD: Here it is. Last weekend I had to follow the smoke through the woods and throw a bucket of liquor down there to make the fire bellow during one of Grayle's ceremonies.
DOCTOR: No fire now. Let's get down there.
CHARLEY: But wait a moment. I can't go climbing like this.
(Ripping of fabric.)
RICHARD: Oh, I say.

GRAYLE: Masters, I call you. Hear me through your device. I am opening the gateway now and creating a beacon. The sacrifice is ready. You will be able to feed as soon as you arrive.
(Clatter of small stones, and Charley sliding with a cry.)
DOCTOR: Hello, Grayle. Feeling mortal, are we? You don't look a day over seventy.

GRAYLE: Stay back! I may have lost my invulnerability for the present, but my flintlock can still protect me and I no longer care what my servants think of me. Drop the sword, Doctor, and kick it over here.
(Clatter of metal.)
GRAYLE: I'm glad to see you have retained your senses.
CHARLEY: You don't care about your servants because they're not going to be around for much longer, right?
DOCTOR: But not you. You think your masters will spare you from their hunger?
GRAYLE: Why shouldn't they? They've proved to be loyal to me so far.
DOCTOR: But now they're on the point of getting everything they need. Do you really think that once you've opened the way for them, they'll want to spend of their energy granting *you* immortality?
GRAYLE: They will give me a place in their kingdom! I will finally have somewhere that is mine! A whole
(Metallic fanfare.)
GRAYLE: They've heard my summons. They're arriving.
LUCY: Help me!
GRAYLE: Don't go near her! I can kill every one of you.
(Electric sizzle.)
GRAYLE: The gate opens. My masters have arrived on this planet.
DOCTOR: Good grief, you have been busy, haven't you. That's a *time* corridor. Transmats not good enough for you now?
LUCY: What is appearing there?
CHARLEY: It's like some giant metal egg.
DOCTOR: Oh dear, I've seen one of those before. I really should have worked this out a bit earlier.
(The noise stops.)
DOCTOR: (sotto) We have to do this now. When these things get out, nobody will be able to stop them. Charley, save Lucy.
GRAYLE: A moment, my masters. A moment while I free you.
LUCY: (sotto) Charlotte, quickly.
CHARLEY: There, get up.
DOCTOR: Let go of that wheel, Grayle. I won't allow them to feed on this world.
GRAYLE: My masters will be free! My masters are free.
NIMON: We will feed on this delicious world.
(Clatter of hooves.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, what are they?
DOCTOR: Do you want to introduce yourselves, or shall I do it for you?
NIMON: Foolish Time Lord. We are the Nimon, and you are our prey.
(A man screams. The Nimon bellow like bulls.)

[Part Four]

CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Ow, that hurt.
NIMON: If we had desired your death, Doctor, you would be dead. We will feed on you now.
GRAYLE: Yes, masters. Take the binding energy of their forms. Feast on their wretched corpses. I shall prepare the hornèd goblet.
CHARLEY: Not very technological.
NIMON: The binding energy oscillator.
DOCTOR: It's not a goblet at all, but a product of their psionic technology. The Nimon rely on the design sense of other races. I should have realised. There were so many clues.
GRAYLE: I have it here in this. But Martin gave it to me! I placed it in this bag! And the gold coins, the jewelled scabbard, centuries of treasure, they're, they're all gone!
DOCTOR: It seems someone else shares your love of money, Grayle.
LUCY: And now he will hopefully be far from here.
CHARLEY: Your papa isn't your papa either, is he?
LUCY: The two of us have seen me married to some of the richest men in the country, and left them all at the altar while we take what you might call our dowry.
DOCTOR: I thought he didn't look much like Richard Martin.

GRAYLE: But, my masters
NIMON: Find him, you fool. Find the oscillator.
GRAYLE: Immediately, masters.
(Running footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Oh dear, poor Nimon. Can't you feed without it?
NIMON: We can still kill you.
DOCTOR: Yes, but then you don't get your takeaway dinner, and you need all your energy after passing through a black hole, don't you. How long before you have to retreat back to the last planet you've butchered?
NIMON: We have enough energy to
CHARLEY: Doctor!

GRAYLE: Martin! Where are you? I see you. You can't run from me, old man.
RICHARD: Sir Sebastian, take back your riches. Here, you can have it all, as long as dear Lucy is safe.
GRAYLE: I care not for those baubles, wretch. Keep them. Ah, here it is. The hornèd goblet.

(The Nimon bellows.)
DOCTOR: I don't call that very hard. It was like being thumped by a wet sock. You're weak as a kitten.
NIMON: In moments, you will feel our strength.
DOCTOR: If you say so. Meanwhile, you don't mind if I take a look inside this pod of yours, do you? Ah, you've changed the design. Self-directional, that's a nice touch. The power came from Grayle's machine, of course, but still.
CHARLEY: Doctor, what are these creatures?
DOCTOR: The Nimon are like interstellar locusts, going from planet to planet and absorbing their energy. You've been trying to get your hands on this world for ages, haven't you.
NIMON: It is at a focal point in space and time. A point from where we would have access to billions of other worlds, from where we could launch many ventures of conquest at once.
DOCTOR: So that's how you gained your mastery of space and time. Or will gain. Or hopefully won't. Unlike you to work in a big mob like this.
NIMON: This world is vital. Our people are spread throughout the cosmos, a scout to each promising planet.
DOCTOR: But this time it went wrong, didn't it. Your scout was sent here and thought he'd struck gold. A planet covered in people, full of the raw radioactive sources you need to power your machinery. He made friends with the Persians, gave them a few trinkets based on his pod. A sword, for instance, that would never rust, made from material that travelled through a black hole. That's where the whole pure iron myth comes from. Always a bad mistake to assume you're never going to be at the pointy end of your own weapon. Mithras, or whoever his legend was based on, didn't know anything about earthing temporal energy, but he knew that magical beasts are killed with magic swords. So he went ahead and did just that. After that, you must have given up hope. That Nimon passed into legend, became a metaphor, a memory of a nightmare that waited for humanity out there among the stars.
NIMON: Your mockery will serve no purpose, Time Lord. The scout was destroyed, but we were not defeated. We found Grayle.
DOCTOR: Oh yes, after waiting around two millennia or so. What kept you?
LUCY: You talk to them as if they were objects of fun. Are they really so weak that we may ridicule them in safety?
CHARLEY: Oh, it's just his way, Lucy.
DOCTOR: You know, I think you've got a bit fatter, as a species, since we last met.
(The Nimon bellows.)
DOCTOR: (sotto) Yes, Lucy. If these creatures gain their full power and numbers, they'll be dangerous enough to destroy the whole planet, and from there rule the entire cosmos, and then I wouldn't be laughing.
CHARLEY: (sotto) Doctor, the golden door.
DOCTOR: (sotto) I've already checked it. Somebody went and locked it. We're not getting out that way.

RICHARD: You have your hornèd goblet. Let me keep the rest. Surely there's no point in harming me? Are you going to let me go?

GRAYLE: Over here to the chimney. Yes, you weakling scum. I am going to let you go.
RICHARD: No! No! Argh!

DOCTOR: This pod's a really fascinating craft. Nippy, tight round cosmic corners, capable of quite some
(Richard's scream ends in a splat.)
LUCY: Oh! Our booty, including the golden blades. Stay back, creatures, or I shall
DOCTOR: A golden blade wouldn't be much use against anything, Lucy, let alone something with a hide of a Nimon. Only certain types of weapon will get through *that*, but some of those gold coins might be useful if I can. Quickly, give me a handful.
NIMON: The oscillator. Where is the oscillator?
CHARLEY: What can we do?
LUCY: There's no way to escape.
DOCTOR: Oh yes, there is. Come on. Now they're distracted, into the pod.
CHARLEY: We're not going to the Ordinand system, are we? It'll be crawling with Nimon.
DOCTOR: No, we're not. Help me with this door.
(Heave, slam.)
GRAYLE: Masters, I have your goblet.
NIMON: We have the oscillator. Now, feed on them.
(Sizzle.)

LUCY: I fail to see how hiding in here will inconvenience our foes for very long.
DOCTOR: You're in for a surprise.
CHARLEY: Can you fly this thing, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Oh, yes. It's still operating on the power coming from Grayle's beacon. He must have loaded enough plutonium into that thing to fuel half the universe, but we're not going that far. Just a few hundred yards. Come on, quickly.

(Thunk hiss of door opening.)
DOCTOR: The coast is clear.
LUCY: We are somewhere else!
DOCTOR: Now if you thought *that* journey was impressive, Lucy, that was just the branch line. All aboard for the express.
CHARLEY: We call it the Tardis. Prepare yourself for a shock.

LUCY: I. It's.
DOCTOR: Obviously.
(The Tardis dematerialises.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, are we running away?
DOCTOR: Everybody's calling me a coward today. Of course not. Grayle has opened a portal between this world and the Ordinand system. As long as the plutonium lasts, they'll be able to bring over as many pods as they want. It's very inefficient, though. If the Nimon run true to form, then that advance party will construct a black hole somewhere close enough for use, and use it as a hyperspatial gateway. Then they'll come here in their millions.
CHARLEY: So what do we do?
DOCTOR: First of all, we close Grayle's portal. It may be an inefficient use of energy, but they could probably bring across a hundred or so other Nimon before Grayle's plutonium runs out. We're not going to risk that happening.
LUCY: How do you plan to do that?
DOCTOR: By diving straight into the space time corridor that they're using, and getting in the way.
CHARLEY: But Doctor, might this not be the death to which Grayle referred? He killed you at a distance, without being able to see your body.
DOCTOR: We'll just have to take that chance. Hang on!

NIMON: There are no sacrifices for us to consume.
GRAYLE: But, the Doctor, you let him escape?
NIMON: Do not presume to chide us. He took our pod a short distance.
GRAYLE: No, I, I, I'm sorry, masters.

NIMON: We require sustenance.
GRAYLE: Of course. A moment, my masters. You will have it.
(Door opens.)
GRAYLE: Ah, my fellow Hellfire Club members. Right on time. Please, come in.
(Hubbub of voices.)
GRAYLE: I can promise you a banquet you'll remember.
NIMON: Ah, a feast indeed.
(Zuzzing noise and lots of screams.)

GRAYLE: Did they please you, masters?
NIMON: They sustained us. I will call the chosen warriors waiting in the Ordinand system. (beeps) They are ready to begin the great journey of life. (beeps) But there's something blocking the space time corridor. Another craft!
GRAYLE: Doctor!
NIMON: Find the pod. We shall pursue him and destroy him!

DOCTOR: We're safe and inside the time corridor, blocking it up. As long as we stay here, the Nimon can't invade.
CHARLEY: They're not going to be happy about that, are they.
DOCTOR: Absolutely not. And here they come. They've taken the pod from the Earth into the tunnel. They're heading for us. Prepare for ramming!
LUCY: How do I do that?
CHARLEY: How should I know?
DOCTOR: Hang on to something!
(Cries from Lucy.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, the pod! It's materialising inside the Tardis!
DOCTOR: It was just a feint. They used the possibility of ramming us to get inside the ship.
(Pod door hisses open.)
GRAYLE: You thought you could stop me, Doctor? (laughs) I have lived and lived to defeat you, and I still live now. And now, you are about to die.
NIMON: Take this vehicle out of the time corridor. Now!
DOCTOR: Oh, no. If you're threatening me and my friends, then I suppose I'll just have to do as you say. (sotto) Lucy, when I say hippo, hit that switch.
LUCY: (sotto) Why are you asking me?
DOCTOR: (sotto) Because I have something else for Charley to do, and remember to tell her for me, fast return switch, three times fast. (normal) There, we're ready to move out of the time corridor.
NIMON: Then do so.
DOCTOR: Well, Grayle, it looks like you've won. As I said, we could have been friends. You could have been an honourable man. You were certainly a worthy adversary.
GRAYLE: I spit on your worthiness, on your honour. They are worth nothing.
DOCTOR: Well, here's where we find out. Hippo!
LUCY: Oh!
(Switches hit.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, the doors!
NIMON: No! The time vortex! It is pulling at us! We are. Nooooo!
CHARLEY: Doctor, the vortex is dragging us in. I can't hold on.
LUCY: Grab my hand. There.
(Echoing voices.)
DOCTOR: Goodbye, Charley. Take care of Lucy.
CHARLEY: Doctor, no!
DOCTOR: Geronimo!
GRAYLE: You fool. I have but to reach that lever and, and I am safe.
(Tardis doors close.)
GRAYLE: My masters may have been swept away, but their fellows await to invade in numbers. If I contact them, they will be able to advise me on how to move this craft out of their way. Your mentor was a coward. girl, to take his own life rather than swallow this defeat.
CHARLEY: He was *not* a coward. He was worth ten of you.
GRAYLE: But who lived longest? This is the moment. This is the moment he spoke of. The moment when I have killed him.

CHARLEY: Killed him, and be unable to gloat over his body.
GRAYLE: Indeed! Well, I shall make sure I do that. I shall ask my masters how I may manage it, after they have returned my immortality to me. Now, where is the signalling equipment?

DOCTOR: The butterfly colours of the vortex stormed around my head. I could feel them wanting to pull my psyche apart and sacrifice me on the altar of Time. And they would have done. Only very powerful beings can survive unprotected in the vortex. Except when those beings have set up a vortex tunnel especially to get them to a specific destination. I slid my limbs into a Gallifreyan lotus and focused on the task in hand. I'd come up with this idea a few seconds before the Nimon had arrived in the Tardis, and right now it seemed twice as mad as it had then.

LUCY: Charlotte, I am sorry. The Doctor told me
CHARLEY: I know. He was standing right by the doors. He had to be to sell them that bluff. He got you to do it because he knew I wouldn't sacrifice him.
LUCY: He had some last words for you.
CHARLEY: I'm not sure I want to hear them yet, Lucy. I think I'd rather save them for when we find out what Grayle and the other Nimon have in mind for us.
LUCY: Very well.

DOCTOR: I let my mind drift off across time and space, and found the mental signature at the end of this path that I had expected when I had created this wormhole at the Tardis console. I made my mind swim in that direction, knowing that was where the Nimon I'd hurled into the vortex were going to end up. I had to get there first. (echoing.) Hey! Hey!

CHARLEY: He smelt of honey. He always let his tea cool for far too long before he drank it. And he let me win at Scrabble. I think.
GRAYLE: There. I've contacted the Ordinand system and my masters will be here in moments. I'm sure they will enjoy consuming you before they move this vehicle out of their path and conquer Earth. They have said they will teach me how to use it, giving me freedom over all time and space!
LUCY: (sotto) Are you sure you would not like to hear those last words of the Doctor's now, Charlotte?
CHARLEY: (sotto) I think now would be a good time.
LUCY: (sotto) I'm sure in the culture you both come from they are passionate and meaningful words, but I confess I do not understand them. The Doctor said fast return switch three times fast.
CHARLEY: (sotto) Why didn't you tell me that before?
LUCY: (sotto) You asked me not to.
CHARLEY: (sotto) Oh, never mind. Do you think you can distract Grayle?
LUCY: (sotto) Well, what do you think? After all, in the last year I've only persuaded eight different men to marry me. (normal) Sir Sebastian? Chase me!
(Running footsteps.)
GRAYLE: What? Where are you going? You cannot escape.
(Voice fades away.)
CHARLEY: Simple, but effective. Now then, which one is oh! How nice of him to clearly label something for once.
(Click, click, click, whirr. Tardis engines start.)
CHARLEY: Let's hope it's a quick journey.

(Roman fanfare.)
MARCUS: Ave, Lucillius. Cold night, eh?
LUCILLIUS: Ave, Marcus. This rain. You wonder what's going to fall out of the sky next.
(Voice calling out as it approaches rapidly. Thump!)
DOCTOR: Oh, no! Ow! Ow! Ow! Lucillius.
LUCILLIUS: Do I know you?
DOCTOR: No, but I know you, good sir. I'm a messenger for mighty Mithras, a being of the sun, fallen from the sky.
MARCUS: By Jupiter. I mean, by Mithras. It's all true!

LUCILLIUS: What would you have me do, messenger?
DOCTOR: The demon bull has returned, and he brings friends. They will appear within moments. Take Mithras's sacred sword from the temple and hold them back until I do what I have to do.
LUCILLIUS: A chance to battle evil. A chance to kill the demon bull. Thank you, messenger.
DOCTOR: Thank me when you've seen the bull. Now, excuse me. I have to pay a visit to an old friend.
(Runs off.)
LUCILLIUS: Marcus, we must wake the centurions. Call the legion to arms.
MARCUS: What shall we tell them?
LUCILLIUS: Tell them there are Picts in the camp. Anything. But we must gather our forces. This could be the most important battle we will ever fight!

GRAYLAE: Oh, my great lord, help me see you as you truly are. Show me the truth
(Tent flap opens.)
DOCTOR: Hello. You don't know me, but I promise you I'm the best friend you're ever going to have.
GRAYLAE: Who are you?
DOCTOR: I represent the light, Decurian Graylae. I know you've been talking to the dark, but I should have realised that the words I first heard from you were your last appeal to the light you thought had failed you.
GRAYLAE: How do you know?
DOCTOR: Come with me. We have much to do.
GRAYLAE: Very well, but be warned. I have my sword.
DOCTOR: You won't need it. Now come on, quickly.

GRAYLAE: The men are being called to arms.
DOCTOR: They're being called to fight the beast you've conjured up. The demon you've been talking to, the owner of the magical item which it uses to talk to you.
GRAYLAE: You do know everything. Are you, are you my lord Mithras?
DOCTOR: I am here to do his work, and I know the contents of your heart.
GRAYLAE: My lord, forgive me. I am sorry. I was er, merely interested, inquisitive as to the nature of the gods.
DOCTOR: And inquisitive about your family inheritance.
GRAYLAE: I sought time. Always more time. And then to have a real voice, a real item in my hands. I did not mean to desert you. I have wronged you.
DOCTOR: But you can right that wrong, Graylae, starting right now.

(Running feet.)
GRAYLE: Got you!
LUCY: Ah!
GRAYLE: Vixen. Large as this ship is, there's no escape for you here. Would that I could kill you too, but for the needs of my masters.
LUCY: You are bound to fail, wretch.
GRAYLE: You run, you struggle, it's, it is almost as if. But no, what plan could she possibly? Come on!

(Footsteps and Lucy struggling.)
CHARLEY: There you are. You certainly gave *him* a run for his money, Lucy.
LUCY: He did get a bit out of puff.
GRAYLE: The central column is moving. Does that mean? Yes, we are travelling. What have you done, girl!
CHARLEY: It just started moving on its own. Maybe the Nimon are controlling us.
GRAYLE: Perhaps. But I do not like to stake my life on it. Come here, both of you.
CHARLEY: I can't operate that console any more than you can. We're going to end up where we're going whether you like it or not.
GRAYLE: Indeed. But with you at the end of my pistols, at least we shall be ready for whatever awaits.

GRAYLAE: I don't understand your words, lord.
DOCTOR: Get up off your knees. See these gold coins?Have you ever seen this much gold in one place before?
GRAYLAE: No, lord.
DOCTOR: And is it worth more than the villa of father? Would it give you a villa of your own and a comfortable place in the world?
GRAYLAE: Yes, lord.
DOCTOR: Then here, it's yours. You were going to own it anyway.
GRAYLAE: Lord, thank you. Now I have the money to marry my beloved Julia.
DOCTOR: You have a girlfriend?
GRAYLAE: Her father would not allow her to marry a man so lacking in inheritance, and I feel that every moment in this fortress is a waste of the time we could be spending together back home.
DOCTOR: That's how ridiculous money is. By moving it from one place to another, you can save a world, buy back your honour, but it can only solve the problems it create in the first place! Now, leave the fort, buy out your commission tomorrow. Leave for home. Marry the girl. And never talk to demons again.
GRAYLAE: Yes, lord. I happily do as you bid.
(The Tardis materialises.)
GRAYLAE: Lord, what is that? Is it another miracle?
DOCTOR: It's my lift, assuming I can deal with what's inside. Now hurry. You have to get away from here before you meet.
(Tardis door opens.)
GRAYLE: Get away from, from me. Or I kill the women.

(Whooshing sound rushing from right to left to right and so on.)
NIMON: We live. We have merely been displaced in time. We are on the world which we will soon invade, and we will feed.
LUCILLIUS: There they are! The symbol of all evil.
(The Nimon bellow.)
LUCILLIUS: Here to defile our temple. But I have the sword of Mithras to stand against them! Forward, men. For Mithras, for the legion, for the Emperor!
(Yells of soldiers rushing forward.)
LUCILLIUS: Ugly beast, I have you in the heart.
(The Nimon whimpers.)
LUCILLIUS: They are demons, but they can die! Second rank, throw your pila.
NIMON: Destroy the humans. Destroy them all.
(Shouts of battle.)

DOCTOR: You hear that, Grayle? The legion are dealing with your masters. Oh, and meet your former self. Graylae, this is Grayle.
GRAYLAE: Is he me? How is that possible?
GRAYLE: I am your future. This man would deny you one.
GRAYLAE: But he has just given me everything I need.
GRAYLE: Because he knows that on my path, you can have so much more. You can conquer all of time and
GRAYLAE: And hold women at the point of a weapon. How have I come to that?
GRAYLE: Because women, like men, are but insects who die in a season.
GRAYLAE: My Julia is not
GRAYLE: Oh, but she was. She soon lost her looks and her wit, and finally her life. I've forgotten what she looked like.
GRAYLAE: I would have given anything to spend my life together with her.
GRAYLE: I did.
DOCTOR: Are you quite finished talking to yourself?
GRAYLE: A fascinating encounter, Doctor, but it is of no importance. It is fitting that I kill you now, in the small space before my masters grant me my power once more. It is fitting that I will kill you while I am also mortal.

(Zaps of Nimon weaponry.)
MARCUS: There is only one other beast left. Charge!

NIMON: We have killed so many of you. I will kill all!
MARCUS: You will kill no more!
NIMON: (dying) The others will feed on your world.
(Thud of large dead bull hitting the ground. Cheers!)
MARCUS: Lucillius, the beast is dead.
LUCILLIUS: Thank mighty Mithras we have won this day!
MARCUS: And covered the temple floor with the biggest blood sacrifice it has ever seen. Five of the beasts. Five dozen of our comrades.
LUCILLIUS: But it was the best of battles, Marcus, my friend. For the best of causes. Somehow I know it. What we did here today has made a difference to the future. The beast is slain. What is best in mankind can prosper in our little time, without fear of the future.
MARCUS: Come, let's to the injured. We have many wounds to heal.

(Celebrations in near distance.)
DOCTOR: By the sound of it, I think the legionaries have won.
GRAYLE: It doesn't matter, Doctor. With your vehicle out of the tunnel between worlds, my masters will still swarm to feed on the Earth of the future.
GRAYLAE: What?
CHARLEY: It's true.
LUCY: He's planning to destroy the world.
GRAYLE: But first I shall do what I have ached to do for centuries. I will destroy you, Doctor. Pray to whatever gods you have
DOCTOR: I do that every day.
CHARLEY: Doctor, please, run!
GRAYLE: Die, Doctor.
GRAYLAE: No! This will not be!
(Sword stroke. Grayle cries out in pain.)
DOCTOR: Grayle!
LUCY: Grayle.
CHARLEY: You killed yourself.
GRAYLAE: He was evil. The worst kind of man. I couldn't let him kill you. How could I turn into that, that *thing*? No honour, no love, no humanity.
DOCTOR: I don't think you need to worry about becoming him now. History is changing as we speak.
CHARLEY: This means Graylae won't be energised by the Nimon, doesn't it. He won't be their agent. None of what we've been through will happen. You've saved more than the Doctor. You've saved the world!
DOCTOR: The world isn't quite safe yet, Charley. Graylae, there's still a couple of things left to be done.
GRAYLAE: Anything to end this nightmare.
DOCTOR: You've got to destroy the communications device, and you've got to begin an evacuation. The Nimon will still try to transmat the sacrifices. They didn't wait for you to confirm that with them in the last version of history, and they won't now. The temple and the camp will still be destroyed.
GRAYLAE: It shall be done.
CHARLEY: Doctor, doesn't this create a paradox? Aren't we about to land here and try to find Graylae?
DOCTOR: Not with the temporal disruption that the Nimon caused. It's allowed this *new* version of history to quietly replace the old one. And never mind how we got here. Time heals itself like that.
CHARLEY: Sometimes.
LUCY: I will never be able anyone of this story.
DOCTOR: Come on, into the Tardis. We'll drop you off in your home time period.
LUCY: Oh, yes please.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Graylae. By sacrificing a possible future of your own, you've opened ours to us again. You've created a new world.
GRAYLAE: A better one, I think, that does not contain that shadow of myself. Goodbye, lord Doctor. A safe journey and long life to you and yours.
DOCTOR: And to you, my friend. Come on, ladies, our carriage awaits.
CHARLEY: Doctor, my head, it's full of different memories. Contradictory ones.

DOCTOR: That'll last until you sleep, and then you'll know some of them as memories, and some of them as stories, and some of them as dreams. Don't worry, everything will be taken care of. The tides of Time will wash us all clean.
(Tardis door closes, Tardis dematerialises.)

CHARLEY: I'm glad we got back to Singapore to see the end of the New Year celebrations.
(Fireworks.)
DOCTOR: And this time, in the good, old-fashioned, original time line. Time classic, I call it.
CHARLEY: So the disruption to time is all sorted out? It had nothing to do with me being
DOCTOR: Of course it didn't. Mind you, the Tardis still didn't seem too keen on coming back here. Probably some dust in the old girl's circuits.
CHARLEY: Lucy seemed happy to be home.
DOCTOR: Yes, I was quite offended. Most people get one ride in the Tardis and want to keep on doing it.
CHARLEY: Well, she did have to attend to the funeral of her partner in crime.
DOCTOR: Yes, I suppose she did. So, shall we go and find your boyfriend, Alex, and have dinner?
CHARLEY: He is *not* my boyfriend. And yes, lets.
DOCTOR: And we don't have to avoid mentioning his embarrassing relatives. We can talk about his noble ancestors. Oh hey, Charley. Do you know what the most wonderful thing of all is?
CHARLEY: What.
DOCTOR: I've got through this whole business without referring to the horns of a dilemma, or exclaiming holy cow!
CHARLEY: But you have now.
DOCTOR: Yes. Isn't it nice that things are back to normal?

RASSILON: You care for the life of individuals as you do the welfare of the universe, which is to be admired. Yet, conversely, you assume that the Nimon were responsible for the chaos that now threatens us all, when they actually made use of conditions that existed because of your inactions. It is sad, Doctor, but there is fault and blame in *your* actions.
DOCTOR: I honestly believed that Grayle was behind the time disruption. That with his redemption I need worry no longer. I meant every word I said to Charley. I should have known better.
RASSILON: Indeed. And what else do you have to tell me?
DOCTOR: I think the rest of the story can speak for itself, my lord. Let's just say not long after we left Singapore, Charley and I discovered that our troubles were only just beginning.

LUCY: Papa? Oh no, force of habit. I half expected you to be there. I don't know how I shall go on without you in my. (gasp)
RICHARD: What is it, Lucy? What's wrong? I'd just popped out for a moment to get the port. My dear, you look like you've seen a ghost.
LUCY: I think I have. But how?
RICHARD: I've been worried sick myself waiting for you to return. I went down the caves to look for you. After that, I fought off that oaf, Grayle, but you had gone. Thank goodness you are all right.
LUCY: There are times when it is as good to see you as it would be to see my own dear, late, papa. Was this a trick, then? Have I organised your funeral as part of our greatest charade?
RICHARD: I don't know what you
(Rumble. Both gasp. It passes.)
CHARLEY: How pleasant.
LUCY: Charlotte! Is that Charlotte? But you left with the Doctor.
CHARLEY: Doctor. Charley Pollard. Is that who I am? Who I will be? Yes. Yes, of course it is. I can see her now. Her memories are forming inside me.
LUCY: I, I don't understand.
CHARLEY: Do excuse this disturbance. I shouldn't be in your universe. We don't like each other very much. Look on me as a visitor. A tourist doing a spot of Christmas shopping at Liberty's. I think that is how Charley Pollard would regard it.
LUCY: But *you're* Charley.
CHARLEY: No. Not quite. But I may be. Oh. Oh, yes. You, young human, are tainted. You have residual chronon energy about you. How delightful. I'm feeling peckish. You've been time

travelling. With the Doctor, no doubt. Come here. I hunger.
LUCY: No! I (screams)
CHARLEY: And you. You, sir, are a paradox, equally touched by Lady Time's graceful fingers. You are a product of disruption, as am I. You should not be here at all.
RICHARD: Young lady, I know not of that which you speak, but, please, I beg of you, do not hurt me. Please! (screams)
CHARLEY: Yes. Yes, now I know all I need. I am coming for you, Charlotte Pollard. And you, Doctor.